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SHAKESPEARE AS A MAN.

I am reluctant to break the rule—or what ought to be the rule—that no one should write about Shakespeare without a special license. Heaven-born critics or thorough antiquaries alone should add to the pile under which his “honored bones” are but too effectually hidden. I make no pretence of having discovered a new philosophical meaning in “Hamlet,” or of having any light to throw upon the initials “W.H.” I confess too that, though I have read Shakespeare with much pleasure, I cannot say as much of most of his commentators. I have not studied them eagerly. I spent, however, some hours of a recent vacation in reading a few Shakespeare books, including Mr. Lee’s already standard “Life” and Professor Brandes’s interesting “Critical Study.” The contrast between the two raised an old question. Mr. Lee, like many critics of the highest authority, maintains that we can know nothing of the man. He shows that we know more than the average reader supposes of the external history of the Stratford townsman. But then he maintains the self-denying proposition that such knowledge teaches us nothing about the author of “Hamlet.” Professor Brandes, on the contrary, tries to show how a certain spiritual history indicat-

ed by the works may be more or less distinctly correlated with certain passages in the personal history. The process, of course, involves a good deal of conjecture. It rests upon the assumption that the works, when properly interpreted, reveal character; for the facts taken by themselves are a manifestly insufficient ground for more than a few negative inferences. If, with Mr. Lee, we regard this first step as impossible the whole theory must collapse. Upon his showing we learn little from the works except that Shakespeare, whatever he may have been as a man, had a marvellous power of wearing different masks. There is no reason to suppose that his mirth or melancholy, his patriotism or his misanthropy, reveal his own sentiments. He could inspire his puppets with the eloquence which would bring down the house and direct money to the till of the Globe. He could drop his mask and become a commonplace man of business when he applied for a coat of arms or requested his debtors to settle their little accounts.

This raises the previous question of the possibility of the general inference from the book to the man. Now I confess that to me one main interest in reading is always the communion with

the author. "Paradise Lost" gives me the sense of intercourse with Milton, and the Waverley Novels bring me a greeting from Scott. Every man, I fancy, is unconsciously his own Boswell, and, however "objective" or dramatic he professes to be, really betrays his own secrets. Browning is one of the authorities against me. If Shakespeare, he says, really unlocked his heart in the sonnets, why "the less Shakespeare he." Browning declines for his part to follow the example, and fancies that he has preserved his privacy. Yet we must, I think, agree with a critic who emphatically declares that a main characteristic of Browning's own poetry is that it brings us into contact with the real "self of the author." Self-revelation is not the less clear because involuntary or quite incidental to the main purpose of a book. I may read Gibbon simply to learn facts; but I enjoy his literary merits because I recognize my friend of the autobiography who "sighed as a lover and obeyed as a son." I may study Darwin's "Origin of Species" to clear my views upon natural selection; but as a book it interests me even through the defects of style by the occult personal charm of the candid, sagacious, patient seeker for truth. In pure literature the case is, of course, plainer, and I will not count up instances because, in truth, I can hardly think of a clear exception. Whenever we know a man adequately we perceive that though different aspects of his character may be made prominent in his life and his works, the same qualities are revealed in both, and we cannot describe the literary without indicating the personal charm.

Is Shakespeare the sole exception? There are obvious difficulties in the way of a satisfactory answer. Shakespearean criticism means too often reckless competition in hyperboles. So long as critics think

it necessary to show their appreciative power by falling into hysterics, all distinctive characteristics are obliterated. When the poet is lost in such a blaze of light, we can make no inference to the man. Sometimes out of reverence for his genius he is treated like a prophet whose inspiration is proved by his commonplace character in other moments. The more impossible an explanation, the greater will be the wonder. Some commentators, again, have displayed their affection by dwelling upon his proverbial "gentleness," till he seems to be a kind of milksop with no more of the devil in him than there was in the poet of "The Christian Year." Others have been so impressed by the vigor of his fine frenzies, and the "irregularities" of which our forefathers complained, that they describe him as always on the border of insanity. Such discords do not prove necessarily that the man was unknowable, but that to know him a critic must keep his head and be less anxious to exhibit his own enthusiasm and geniality than to form a tolerably sane judgment. The application of sound methods happily seems to be spreading, and may lead to more solid results.

Some objections, indeed, if they could be sustained, would make the investigation impossible from the first. Shakespeare, we are reminded with undeniable truth, was a dramatist. We cannot assume that he is responsible for the opinions which he formulates. It is Orsino, not his creator, who holds that wives should be younger than their husbands, and Shakespeare may not have been thinking of Anne Hathaway. Some of us have personal reasons for hoping that when his characters express a dislike for the lean or for the unmusical, their words do not give his deliberate judgment. If this were a fatal difficulty it would follow that no competent dramatist reveals

himself in his works. Yet, as a matter of fact, I suppose that dramatists are generally quite as knowable as other authors. We learn to know Ben Jonson from his plays, almost as well as we know his namesake, the great Samuel. That surely is the rule. A dramatist lets us know, and cannot help letting us know, what is his general view of his fellow-creatures and of the world in which they live. It is his very function to do so, and though the indication may be indirect, it is not the less significant of the observer's own peculiarities. But, we are told, Shakespeare does not identify himself with any of his characters. He is not himself either Falstaff or Hamlet. This too applies to most dramatists, but it certainly suggests a difficulty.

The most demonstrable, though it may not be the highest merit, of Shakespeare's plays is, I suppose, the extraordinary variety of vivid and original types of character. The mind which could create a Hamlet and a Falstaff, and an Iago and a Mercutio and a Caliban, a Cleopatra and a Lady Macbeth and a Perdita, must undoubtedly have been capable of an astonishing variety of moods and sympathies. That certainly gives a presumption that the creator must have been himself too complex to be easily described. The difficulty again is increased by the other most familiar commonplace about Shakespeare, the entire absence of deliberate didacticism. Profound critics, it is true, have discovered certain moral lessons and philosophical theories concealed in his plays. If so, they must also admit that he concealed them so cleverly that he has had to wait for a great philosopher to perceive them. If he really meant to enforce them upon the vulgar his attempt must be regarded as a signal failure. Anyhow, we are without one clue which is given by the didactic writer. To read Dante is to know whom he hated and

why he hated them, and what, in his opinion, would be their proper place hereafter. To Shakespeare good men and bad are alike parts of the order of Nature, to be understood and interpreted with perfect impartiality. He gives a diagnosis of the case, not a judgment sentencing them to heaven or hell. His characters prosper or suffer, not in proportion to their merits, but as good and bad fortune decides or as may be most dramatically effective. It does not, indeed, follow that Shakespeare was without moral sympathies or ideals. It would be as erroneous as to infer that a physician who describes a disease accurately is indifferent to the value of health. Shakespeare no doubt held that Iago was a hateful person, and meant him to excite the aversion of his hearers. Only he did not infer, as inferior writers are apt to do, that Iago ought to be misrepresented. The devil ought to be painted just as black as he is, and not a shade blacker. A perfectly impartial analysis of character is, surely, the true method of showing what is lovable in the virtuous and hateful in the vicious, and the man who gets angry with his own creatures and denounces instead of explaining, is really perverting the true moral. When Cervantes makes us love Don Quixote in spite of the crack in his intellect and the absurdity of his career, he is really setting forth in the most effective way the beauty of the chivalrous character. That, I take it, is the true artistic method. It simply displays the facts and leaves the reader to be attracted or repelled according to his power of appreciating moral beauty or deformity. But, undoubtedly, so far as this method is characteristic of Shakespeare's work, it increases our difficulty. These are the facts, he says; make what you can of them; I do not draw the moral for you, or even deny that many very different morals may commend themselves to different

people. No great poet can be without some implicit morality, though the morality may be sometimes very bad. He is great because he has a rich emotional nature, and great powers of observation and insight. He must have his own views of what are the really valuable elements in life, of what constitutes true happiness, and what part the deepest instincts play in the general course of affairs. We have to translate his implicit convictions into an abstract theory in order to discover his moral system. To do that in the case of Shakespeare would no doubt be a specially difficult and delicate task. He refuses to give us any direct help towards divining his sympathies. Scott, in his most Shakespearian moods, has something of the same impartiality. When he describes an interesting person, Louis XI in "Quentin Durward," or James I in "The Fortunes of Nigel," he shows a power of insight, of making wicked and weak men intelligible and human, which reminds us of Shakespeare's methods. He hated Covenanters like a good Jacobite, and yet he can describe them kindly and sympathetically. But then he has sympathies which he cannot conceal. His love of the manly, healthy type represented in the Dandie Dinmonts and their like reveals the man, and, without reading Lockhart, we can see that unlike Shakespeare, he is clearly identifying himself with some of his characters.

My inference then would be, not that Shakespeare cannot be known, but that a knowledge of Shakespeare must be attained through a less obvious process. His character, we must suppose, was highly complex, and we are without the direct and unequivocal clues which enable us to feel ourselves personally acquainted with such men as Dante or Milton, to say nothing of Wordsworth or Byron. A distinction, however, must be made. There is such

a thing as knowing a man thoroughly and yet being unable to put our knowledge into definite formulae. I may know a man's face and the sound of his voice well enough to swear to him among a thousand others, and yet I may be totally unable to describe him in such a way as to enable a detective to pick him out of a crowd. I can say that he is six feet high and has a red beard, but I cannot give the finer marks which distinguish tall, red-bearded men from each other. So I can often define instinctively what my friend will say and do and think on a given occasion; and yet be quite unable to give the reasons for my expectation. If I am not a trained psychologist, I shall not have the proper terms, or shall confuse different terms; and if I am a trained psychologist I may too probably be misled by my own theories, and I shall certainly find that all the common phrases by which we describe character are too vague and shifting to reflect the vast variety of delicate shades of emotional temperament which we can yet recognize in observation. Does not every critic of poetry claim such a knowledge—vivid and yet difficult to grasp and analyze? He professes to recognize Shakespeare's style; he can tell you confidently which plays are Shakespeare's own, and which he produced in collaboration with others; he can point out the scene and even the particular speech at which Shakespeare dropped the pen and Fletcher took it up. Part of this knowledge is derived, it is true, from "objective" signs. One scene has a larger percentage than others of verses with eleven syllables. That observation requires no critical insight. Yet I do not suppose that any critic would admit that he was unable to discriminate qualities too delicate to be inferred from counting on the fingers. The point of which I am speaking corresponds to the distinction made by

Newman in the "Grammar of Assent" between the "Illative Instinct" and such formal reasoning as can be put into syllogisms. He illustrates it by Falstaff's "babbling of green fields." Some readers, he says, are certain that this was Shakespeare's phrase, while others hold that they do not recognize the true Shakespearian ring. The certitude of either side is therefore not conclusive for the other. Yet the conviction implies that each reader has so vivid a conception of certain characteristics that the verdict "this is" or "this is not Shakespearian" arises spontaneously at a particular phrase. "Shakespearian," then, must have a definite though not definable meaning. Something in the term of thought, in the play of humor, fits in or does not exactly fit in with our image, and we must therefore have such an image—whether like or unlike to the reality.

Two difficulties, in fact, are often confounded; the difficulty of knowing and the difficulty of analyzing and formulating our knowledge. Language is too rough and equivocal an instrument to enable us to communicate to others the finer shades of difference which we can clearly recognize. Critics, I fancy, were it not for their characteristic modesty, might be induced by a skilful cross-examination to confess that their knowledge of Shakespeare is much more precise and distinct than they venture to claim. If I had the skill required for the most difficult form of literary art, I should try to surmount their diffidence by a Socratic dialogue. I should not endeavor to reveal new truths to them, but endeavor, like Socrates, to deliver them of the truths with which their judgments are already pregnant. Much as critics of the poetry differ, they show a tendency to converge; there are certain common-places and at least many negations in which they would agree. As I do not profess to be an expert, I must limit

myself to such generalities. What I would try to show is that what is accepted about the poetry really implies certain conclusions about the man. I must leave it to those who unite more thorough knowledge with poetical insight to fill up the rough outlines which such as I can attempt to indicate.

One remark will be granted. A dramatist is no more able than anybody else to bestow upon his characters talents which he does not himself possess. If—as critics are agreed—Shakespeare's creatures show humor, Shakespeare must have had a sense of humor himself. When Mercutio indulges in the wonderful tirade upon Queen Mab, or Jacques moralizes in the forest, we learn that their creator had certain powers of mind just as clearly as if we were reading a report of one of the wit combats at the "Mermaid." It is harder to define those qualities precisely than to say what is implied by Jonson's talk at the "Mitre," but the idiosyncrasy is at least as strongly impressed upon such characteristic mental displays. If we were to ask any critic whether such passages could be attributed to Marlowe or Ben Jonson, he would enquire whether we took him for a fool. If, indeed, we were considering a bit of scientific exposition, the inference to character would not exist. A mathematician, I suppose, could tell me that the demonstration of some astronomical theorem was in Newton's manner, and the remark would not show whether Newton was amiable or spiteful, jealous or generous. But a man's humor and fancy are functions of his character as well as of his reason. To appreciate them clearly is to know how he feels as well as how he argues; what are the aspects of life which especially impress him, and what morals are most congenial. I do not see how the critic can claim an instinctive perception of the Shakespearian mode of thought without a

perception of some sides of his character. You distinguish Shakespeare's work from his rivals' as confidently as any expert judging of handwriting. You admit, too, that you can give a very fair account of the characteristics of the other writers. Then surely you can tell me—or at least you know "implicitly"—what is the quality in which they are defective and Shakespeare pre-eminent.

Half my knowledge of a friend's character is derived from his talk, and not the less if it is playful, ironical and dramatic. When we agree that Shakespeare's mind was vivid and subtle, that he shows a unique power of blending the tragic and the comic, we already have some indications of character; and incidentally we catch revelations of more specific peculiarities. Part of my late reading was a charming book in which Mr. Justice Madden sets forth Shakespeare's accurate knowledge of field sports. It seems to prove conclusively a proposition against which there can certainly be no presumption. We may be quite confident that he could thoroughly enjoy a day's coursing on the Cotswold Hills, and we know by the most undeniable proof that his sense of humor was tickled by the oddities of his fellow-sportsmen, the Shallows and Slenders. It is at least equally clear that he had the keenest enjoyment of charms of the surrounding scenery. He could not have written "*Midsummer Night's Dream*" or "*As You Like It*" if the poetry of the English green-wood had not entered into his soul. The single phrase about the daffodils—so often quoted for its magical power—is proof enough, if there were no other, of a nature exquisitely sensitive to the beauties of flowers and of springtime. It wants, again, no such confirmation as Fuller's familiar anecdote to convince us that Shakespeare could enjoy convivial meetings at taverns, that he

could listen to, and probably join in, a catch by Sir Toby Belch, or make Lord Southampton laugh as heartily as Prince Hal laughed at the jests of Falstaff. Shakespeare, again, as this suggests, was certainly not a Puritan. That may be inferred by judicious critics from particular phrases or from the relations of Puritans to players in general. But without such reasoning we may go further and say that the very conception of a Puritan Shakespeare involves a contradiction in terms. He represents, of course, in the fullest degree, the type which is just the antithesis of Puritanism; the large and tolerant acceptance of human nature which was intolerable to the rigid and straight-laced fanatics, whom, nevertheless, we may forgive in consideration of their stern morality. People, indeed, have argued, very fruitlessly I fancy, as to Shakespeare's religious beliefs. Critics tell us, and I have no doubt truly, that it would be impossible to show conclusively from his works whether he considered himself to be an Anglican or a Catholic. But a man's religion is not to be defined by the formula which he accepts or inferred even from the church to which he belongs. That is chiefly a matter of accident and circumstance, not of character. We may, I think, be pretty certain that Shakespeare's religion, whatever may have been its external form, included a profound sense of the mystery of the world and of the pettiness of the little lives that are rounded by a sleep; a conviction that we are such stuff as dreams are made of, and a constant sense, such as is impressed in the most powerful sonnets, that our best life is an infinitesimal moment in the vast "abysm" of eternity. Shakespeare, we know, read Montaigne; and if, like Montaigne, he accepted the creed in which he was brought up, he would have sympathized in Montaigne's sceptical and humorous

view of theological controversialists playing their fantastic tricks of logic before high Heaven. Undoubtedly he despised a pedant, and the pedantry which displayed itself in the wranglings of Protestant and Papist divines would clearly not have escaped his contempt. Critics, again, have disputed as to Shakespeare's politics; and the problem is complicated by the desire to show that his politics were as good as his poetry. Sound Liberals are unwilling to admit that he had aristocratic tendencies, because they hold that all aristocrats are wicked and narrow minded. It is, of course, an anachronism to transplant our problems to those days, and we cannot say what Shakespeare would have thought of modern applications of the principles which he accepted. But I do not see how any man could have been more clearly what may be called an intellectual aristocrat. His contempt for the mob may be good humored enough, but is surely unequivocal; from the portrait of Jack Cade promising, like a good Socialist, that the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, to the first, second and third citizens who give a display of their inanity and instability in "*Coriolanus*" or "*Julius Cæsar*." Shakespeare may be speaking dramatically through Ulysses in "*Troilus*" and "*Cressida*;" but at least he must have fully appreciated the argument for order, and understood by order that the cultivated and intelligent should rule and the common herd have as little direct voice in State affairs as Elizabeth and James could have desired.

When we have got so far, we have already, as it seems to me, admitted certain attributes, which are as much personal as literary. If you admit that Shakespeare was a humorist, intensely sensitive to natural beauty, a scorner of the pedantry, whether of scholars or theologians, endowed with an amazingly wide and tolerant view of human

nature, radically opposed to Puritanism or any kind of fanaticism, and capable of hearty sympathy with the popular instincts and yet with a strong persuasion of the depth of popular folly, you hereby know at least some negative propositions about the man himself. You can say with confidence what are the characteristics which were thoroughly antipathetic to him, even though it may be difficult to describe accurately the characteristics which he positively embodied.

Another point is, it would seem, too plain to need much emphasis. The author of "*Romeo and Juliet*" was, I suppose, capable of Romeo's passion. We may "doubt that the sun is fire," but can hardly doubt that Shakespeare could love. In this case, it seems to me, the power of intuition is identical with the emotional power. A man would surely have been unable to find the most memorable utterance in literature of passions of which he was not himself abnormally susceptible. It may be right to describe a poet's power as marvellous, but why should we hold it to be miraculous? I agree with Pope's common-sense remark about Heloise's "well-sung woes;" "he best can paint 'em who can feel 'em most." Surely that is the obvious explanation, and I am unable to see why there should be any difficulty in receiving it. When the blind poet, Blacklock, described scenery which he had never seen, wise critics puzzled over the phenomenon. It was explained by the obvious remark that he was simply appropriating the conventional phrases of other poets. But when a poet gives originality to the most commonplace of all themes, I infer that he has had the eyesight or felt the emotions required for the feat. We must, no doubt, be careful as to further inferences. If I had read the poems of Burns or Byron without any knowledge of their lives,

I should be justified, I think, in modestly inferring that they were men of strong passions. I could not suppose that they were merely vamping up old material. No inference from conduct could be made more conclusive than the inference from the fire and force of their poetry. But it is, of course, doubtful what effect might be produced on their lives. Byron, brought up under judicious and firm management, might conceivably have become an affectionate husband and a respectable nobleman. Some men have greater powers of self-command than others, or may be prevented by other qualities of character from obeying in practice the impulses which govern their imaginations. It has been said that Moore, who in early days shocked his contemporaries by immoral poetry, lived the most domestic and well-regulated of lives; whereas Rogers was the most respectable of poets, and a striking contrast to Moore in conduct. The fact, if it be a fact, may warn us against hasty conclusions. A man may have very good reasons for keeping some of his feelings out of his books; or may, out of mere levity, affect vices which he does not put in practice. We can be sure that he has certain propensities; but of course, we cannot tell how far circumstance and other propensities may not hold them in check. Much smaller men than Shakespeare are still very complex organisms. We may judge from this and that symptom that they react, as a chemist may say, in certain ways to a given stimulus; but to put all the indications together, to say which are the dominant instincts and how different impulses will modify each other in active life; to decide whether a feeling which shapes the ideal world will have a corresponding force when it comes into contact with realities, is a delicate investigation. When an adequate biography is obtainable, the answer is virtually given.

The facts of Shakespeare's life are as far as possible from adequate; but we may ask how far what is known can check or confirm inferences from the works.

This brings us to the biographical problem. Minute students of Shakespeare have done one great service at least. They have established approximately the order of his works. The plays, when placed in a chronological series, show probably the most remarkable intellectual development on record. There is, I suppose, no great writer who shows so distinctly the growth and varying direction of his poetical faculty. We watch Shakespeare from the start; beginning as a cobbler and adapter of other men's works; making a fresh start as a follower of Marlowe, and then improving upon his model in the great historical dramas. We can compare the gaiety and the ridicule of affectations in the early comedies with the more serious and penetrative portraits of life in the later works; or trace the development of his full powers in the great tragedies, and the mellow tone of the later romantic dramas. If some knowledge of Shakespeare is implied in a comparison between him and his contemporaries, there is still more significance in the comparison with himself. A century ago a critic put the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" at the end and the "Winter's Tale" at the beginning of his career. Such an inversion, we now perceive, would make the whole history of his mental development chaotic and contradictory. That Shakespeare, whom we know to have been a marvellously keen observer of life and character, and who lived, as literary historians so elaborately demonstrate, under the most stimulating intellectual and social conditions, must have had his reflections and learnt some lessons about human life is self-evident. To show how, for example, "Richard II," in

which he followed Marlowe, differed from the "Henry IV," in which he has found his own characteristic breadth and strength, is to show what some of those lessons were, and therefore to throw light upon the man who learnt them so quickly. We see how certain veins of reflection become more prominent, how, for example, humor checks the bombastic tendency, and the broader and deeper view of life "begets a temperance" which restrains the "whirlwind" of ungovernable passions. The critic who can exhibit the growth of a man's power implicitly exhibits also the character which is developed; and, in fact, I think that by taking such considerations into account a clearer perception of the man has been gradually worked out. The task no doubt, would be easier if we could strengthen our case by some definite biographical data; and the misfortune is that we are tempted to construct the required data by the help of audacious conjectures. The natural failure of such enterprises has unduly discredited the value of mere modest inferences.

The hope of unveiling the man has in particular led to the controversy over the sonnets. They are supposed to show that Shakespeare went through a spiritual crisis, which is indicated by the bitterness of some of the plays written at the time; and what would be applicable if we could safely identify the dark lady with Mistress Fitton and "W. H." with the Earl of Pembroke. I humbly accept Mr. Lee's chief conclusions. He has insisted on the fact that Shakespeare was falling in with a temporary fashion, or infected by a curious mania which led poets just at that period to pour out sonnets by the hundred. The inference that the sonnets necessarily imply some personal catastrophe is thus deprived of its force. If half the early Victorian poets had been writing "In Memoriams," we

might believe that Tennyson had no special friendship for Arthur Hallam, and had merely made a pretext of a commonplace attachment. It is possible, or rather it is highly probable, that Shakespeare took some real bit of personal history for a text, though many of the sonnets are simply variations upon established poetical themes.

But we cannot say that his emotion must have been caused by some thrilling events when it is at least equally as likely that he merely took a trifling event as a pretext for expressing his emotions. Shakespeare was certainly dramatist enough to discover a motive for poetry in a commonplace experience. The attempted identifications do little more than illustrate a common fallacy. The impossibility of proving a negative is confounded with the conclusive proof of the positive. "It is just possible," betimes "it is certainly true." The whole Pembroke-Fitton hypothesis rests (as Mr. Lee seems to show) upon the interpretation of the famous initials. The fact that a nobleman had an intrigue with a lady about the time when the sonnets, or some of them, may have been written, cannot prove that they refer to the intrigue. Shakespeare could hardly have managed to write at a period when some intrigue was not going on. If, then, "W. H." did not mean William Herbert, the peg on which the whole argument hangs is struck out. Now "Mr. W. H." could not possibly suggest the Earl to any contemporary, and, in fact, did not suggest him to any one for more than two centuries. That, Professor Brandes seems to think, strengthens the case, because the dedication would naturally be reticent. The argument recalls the old retort:—

My wound is great, because it is so small:

Then it were greater were it none at all!

If there had been no dedication, the proof apparently would have been conclusive, because the reticence would have been absolute. The true argument is surely simple. If there were otherwise very strong reasons for believing in the Pembroke theory, it might be conceivable that the initials were suggested by association, though it would still be odd that reticence pushed so far did not go a step further. In the absence of such reasons, the obscurity cannot of itself be any ground for conviction. People forget how frequent are much closer and yet purely accidental coincidences; but when there is a chance of the glory of a discovery of such a bit of personal history, "trifles light as air" become demonstrative to enthusiastic worshippers.

There is a more fundamental objection to the whole theory. Were it proved that the sonnets refer to the conjectured history, the fact would be interesting, but would hardly throw much light upon our problem. It is supposed to suggest a cause for Shakespeare's supposed pessimistic mood. To take a parallel case, we may find an explanation of Swift's misanthropy in his long ordeal of disappointed ambition. There is no doubt whatever that Swift's writings express a misanthropy as savage as that of Timon or Thersites; and on the other side, there is no doubt that his career was calculated to sour his nature. Putting the history of the man and his works together, both become the more intelligible. The fierce indignation shown by the author is explained and palliated by the life of the man. If Shakespeare had suddenly retired from the stage and taken to writing pamphlets like the Drapler's Letters or the Martin Marprelate tracts, we might admit the probability of some events which embittered his life. But then the conspicuous fact is that

his life ran on as far as we can tell with perfect smoothness. Nobody can prove that he did not love Mistress Fittion; but it is quite clear that, if he did, it did not prevent him from making money, buying New Place, setting up as a gentleman and continuing a thoroughly prosperous career. The passion clearly did not dislocate his career. Even if the alleged fact be true, it had no permanent bearing on his life. On the other side there is no proof of anything in the works to require explanation. Critics have indeed shown that at one period pessimistic sentiments (to speak roughly) become more prominent than before or afterwards. But we must, in the first place, make the proper allowance for the dramatic condition. He may have continued the "Thersites" or "Timon" vein because it was popular or because it suited the acting of one of his "fellows." And in the next place the whole argument that a man must be gloomy because he writes of horrors or indulges in misanthropical tirades is questionable. Sometimes the opposite theory is more plausible. When we are young and our nerves strong we can bear excitement which becomes painful as our spirits fail; and in old age we like happy conclusions and soothing imagery, precisely because we are less cheerful. In any case, the works admittedly lose the pessimistic tone in the later years; and the presumption is that if Shakespeare suffered from any moral convulsion he was fortunate enough to be thoroughly cured. The conjectured story, if so, is required, if at all, by the sonnets alone. When we make proper allowance for the degree in which they were suggested by the contemporary fashion and were imitations of other poets or simple variations of commonplace themes, the necessity for believing in any romance at all vanishes. Thus there are not two histories, literary and person-

al, which explain each other, but two histories, both of which rest upon conjecture. Even if the conjecture be accepted in either case, the one thing that is clear is that the results were transitory. I can therefore accept Mr. Lee's opinion that the story may be put out of account altogether when we are trying to understand the man in his works.

The more modest inference, however, remains. If we can infer from his poetry that Shakespeare could be in love, we can, surely, infer with equal confidence, that he could feel the emotions which embody themselves in pessimism. He had, one cannot doubt, satisfied the familiar condition of acquaintance with the heavenly powers. He knew what it was to eat his bread with sorrow and pass his nights in weeping. No one, I suppose, ever read the famous catalogue of the evils which made him pine for restful death, or the reference to the degrading influences of his profession, without feeling that a real man is speaking to us from his own experience. The poetical "intuition," as I must again hold, does not supersede the necessity for assuming the intense sensibility of which it is surely a product. When Thackeray, in the little poem, "*Vanitas Vanitatum*," almost repeats Shakespeare's catalogue as a comment upon the saying of the "*Weary King Ecclesiast*," I know from his biography that he had gone through corresponding trials. I infer that Shakespeare had felt the emotions which he infused with unequalled intensity. When we recall the main facts of his career, the society in which he had lived, the events of which he had been a close spectator, and admit, to put it gently, that he was a man of more than average powers of mind and feeling, the *à priori* probability that he had gone through trying experiences is pretty strong; and though we know more of the de-

tails we can hardly suppose that he got through life without abundant opportunities for putting Hamlet's question as to the value of life. This indeed suggests that the argument ought to be inverted. The life so far from explaining the genius makes it as some people have thought, a puzzle. "I cannot," says Emerson, "marry this fact" (the fact that Shakespeare was a jovial actor and manager) "to his verse." The best of the world's poets led an "obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement." Obscure and profane are perhaps rather harsh epithets; but they suggest the problem: Is there any real incompatibility between Shakespeare's conduct and the theory of life implied by his writings?

I leave a full answer to the accomplished critic whom I desiderate but do not try to anticipate. Yet, keeping to the region of tolerably safe commonplaces, I fancy that this supposed antithesis really admits of, or rather suggests, a natural mode of conciliation. Emerson laments, what we all admit, that Shakespeare was not a preacher with a mission. He had no definite ethical system to inculcate; and, moreover, so far as we can define his morality, it was not such as would satisfy the saint. If he clearly did not agree with John Knox, we may doubt whether he would have appreciated St. Francis. Martyrs and ascetics would have been out of place in his world. The exalted idealist despises fact; he is impressive precisely because his doctrine is impracticable; the ideal may stimulate what is best in us, but it is too refined and exalted to be accepted by the mass. But Shakespeare does not idealize in the sense of neglecting the actual. He is intensely interested in the world as it is, moved by the great forces of love, hate, jealousy, ambition, pride and patriotism. He "idealizes" so far as he has a keener insight

than any one into the corresponding types of character, but he does not care, so far as we can see, for the religious enthusiast who retires to a hermitage or scornfully renounces the world, the flesh and the devil. The men in whom he takes an interest have forgotten that they ever renounced these powers; they are soldiers, courtiers and statesmen, who give us the secret of the ideal Raleighs and Essexes and Burleighs of his own day. The virtues of purity or self-devotion are left chiefly to the women who are the more charming by contrast with the world of force and passion in which they move; though now and then a Cleopatra or a Lady Macbeth shows that a woman can be interesting by joining in the rude struggle. This, of course, is to say that Shakespeare is able to interpret in the most vivid way the characteristics of a period of extraordinary intellectual and social convulsion. But his interpretation shows also individual peculiarities which distinguish him from others who experience a similar internal influence. There is, I think, one distinct moral doctrine even in Shakespeare and one which is a corollary from this position. Hamlet states it in explaining his regard for Horatio, the man

Whose blood and judgment are so well
commingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's
finger
To sound what stop she please: Give
me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will
wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of
hearts,
As I do thee.

In a world so full of passion and violence, the essential condition of happiness is the power of keeping your head. They, as he says in a remarkable sonnet, "who moving others

are themselves as stone," are the right inheritors of "Heaven's graces." The one character who, as commentators agree, represents a personal enthusiasm is Henry V, and Henry V's special peculiarity is his superlative self-command. It is emphasized even at some cost of dramatic propriety. Critics at last have complained of the soliloquy—

I know you all, and with a while up-
hold

The unyoked humor of your idleness,

in which the prince expresses a deliberate intention of throwing off his wild companions. He is talking to the audience, it is suggested, and should not have so clear a theory of motives, which he would scarcely avow to himself. I fancy indeed that many young gentlemen have indulged in similar excuses for the process of sowing their wild oats; and the main peculiarity of Henry V is that he really means them and keeps to his resolution. Shakespeare obviously expects us to approve the exile of Falstaff, and rather scandalizes readers who have fallen in love with that disreputable person. A similar moral is implied in others of the most characteristic plays. Shakespeare, for example, sympathizes most heartily and unmistakably with the pride of Coriolanus and the passionate energy of Mark Antony. They are admirable and attractive because they have such hot blood in their veins; but come to grief because the blood is not "commingled" with judgment. The really enviable thing he seems to say, would be to unite the two characteristics; to be full of energy which shall yet be always well in hand; to have unbounded strength of passion and yet never to be the slave of passion.

If this be a characteristic impression it is an obvious suggestion that it is illustrated by Shakespeare's life.

The young lad from the country had the same temptations as Robert Greene and Christopher Marlowe. He did not escape them by any coldness of temperament or inability to appreciate the pleasures of the town. He may, as two or three stories suggest, have given way to weaknesses, which would account for some of the expressions of remorse in the sonnets. Anyhow he had obtained enough prudence and self-command to avoid the fate of a Pistol or a Falstaff. He became a highly respectable man as well as a world-poet. If he caught some stains from bad company, they were, as I may leave the critics to demonstrate, superficial. The appreciation of pure and lofty qualities develops instead of declines as years go on. It surely cannot be said that an eye for the main chance is inconsistent with the poetical character. The conventional poet, of course, lives in dreamland, and is an incapable man of business. But then it is the specialty of Shakespeare that if he could dream, he must have been most keenly awake to a living world of men. Interest in and insight into our fellow-creatures is surely a good qualification for business. Voltaire was a superlative man of business. Goethe knew the value of a good social position. Pope was a keen and successful money-maker. Dickens showed a similar capacity. Such cases may show that men can reconcile literary genius with business aptitudes. In one respect they may fall short of the case. They do not imply the actual preference of "gain" to "glory" attributed to Shakespeare. The closer parallel is, of course, Scott. If Scott's enjoyment of Abbotsford led to his ruin while Shakespeare's more modest ambition was satisfied by New Place, the difference may have been that in the earlier period the arts of manufacturing paper credit were not so well understood. Still Scott's estimate of the

really valuable element of life naturally suggests Shakespeare. He held that the man of action was superior to the man of letters. He wondered that the Duke of Wellington should condescend to an interest in the author of a few "bits of novels." He meant frankly to make money by providing harmless amusement; but he did not fancy that the achievements of a novelist were comparable to the winning of battles or the making of laws. Shakespeare, we may guess, would have agreed. Like Scott, he held aloof from literary squabbles, whether from good-nature or from worldly wisdom, or a sense of the pettiness of such calculations. He had his literary vanity, but it was to be satisfied by the poems and by the circulation of the sonnets in manuscript. The plays were in the first instance pot-boilers. He could not help putting his power into them when a situation laid hold of his imagination; but the haste, the frequent flagging of interest, the curious readiness with which he accepts and verifies a character or accepts an unsatisfactory catastrophe, tends to show a singular indifference. In the greatest plays the inspiration lasts throughout; but in most he does not take the trouble to keep up to the highest level.

I need not ask whether the opinions attributed to Scott and Shakespeare are defensible. Some people, I know, consider that "devotion to art" is the cardinal virtue, and that it is better to turn out a good poem and starve than to write down to the public and pay your bills. That is an old controversy; but, at any rate, Shakespeare's view is in character. He was never blind to the humorist's point of view, and humor has its questionable ethical quality. It helps some people to see the charm of the "simple faith miscalled simplicity," and Shakespeare's cordial appreciation of a fool shows one side of an amiable disposition. But a saint

can hardly be a humorist. It is his nature to take things seriously, and to believe (bold as it appears) in the power of sermons. The humorist sees with painful distinctness the folly of the wise and the weakness of the hero and the general perversity of fortune. He may be capable of enthusiasm, or, at least, sympathy with the enthusiastic; but he feels that there is always a lurking irony in the general order of things. He is specially conscious of the vanity of his own ambition, and aware that his highest success makes a very small ripple on the great ocean of existence. Shakespeare had the good (though not rare) fortune of living before his commentators. His head, therefore, was not turned, and he held, we may suppose, that to defeat the Armada was a more important bit of work than to amuse the audience at the Globe. He could feel, indeed, the irony with which fate treats the great men of action. Masterful ambitions lead to catastrophes, and in the political world, where order and subordination are the essentials, even the ideal hero who can be calm in the storm, and hold his own amidst the struggling elements, is not much the better for it personally. Henry V is still but a man made to bear the blame of all mishap, and "subject to the breath of every fool." He has nothing to show for it, "save ceremony," and cannot sleep so soundly as the vacant-minded slave. So the Spanish minister is said to have told the King: "Your Majesty is but a ceremony," an essential part, indeed, of the framework of the State, but not superior in personal happiness to the ordinary human being.

That, it seems to me, points to the most obvious solution of the supposed contrast between the man and the author. Nobody was more keenly alive to every vanity of enjoyment, or more capable of sympathizing with the passions and ambitions of all the amazing-

ly vigorous life that was going on around him. He can be poet and lover and sportsman, a boon companion, and watch the great game that is played in the court or in the wars. He can act as they come every part in Jacques's famous speech, always with an eye to the end of the strange, eventful history; take everything as it comes and yet ask, "What is it worth?" Never forget, he seems to have replied, that life is very short, and man very small, and the pleasure of each stage in it only has drawbacks and will disappear altogether as the powers decline. And by the time you are fifty it will be well to have a comfortable little place of your own in the quiet country town endeared by youthful memories.

If everything that I have said should be granted there would be great gaps in our knowledge of Shakespeare. We could only fill them by the help of data no longer ascertainable. We do not know what scrapes he may have got into; only that he must have got out of them; nor how much he cared for his wife and children, or how he behaved in business transactions, or whether he was too obsequious to his patrons. If such questions could be answered we might know a great deal more of him. Yet I think also that some very distinct personal qualities are sufficiently implied. Shakespeare's life suggests a problem. We have, on the one hand, a man abnormally sensitive to all manner of emotions, and having an unrivalled power of sympathy with every passion of human nature. On the other hand, though exposed to all the temptations of a most exciting "environment," he accomplishes a prosperous and outwardly commonplace career. He could emerge from the grosser element, no doubt, because his powers of intellect and imagination raised him above the level of the sensualist whose tastes he some-

times condescended to gratify. But he could not be a Puritan, because their stern morality was radically opposed to the æsthetic enjoyment to which he was most sensitive. He cared little for the æstheticism of a different and more sentimental type, which condemns as worldly the great passions and emotions which are the really moving forces of the world. He sympathizes far too heartily with human loves and hatreds and political ambitions. But then he cannot, like Marlowe or Chapman, sympathize unequivocally with the heroic when it becomes excessive and over-strained. The power of humor keeps him from the bombastic and the affected, and he sees the facts of life too clearly not to be aware of the vanity of human wishes; the disappointments of successful ambition and the emptiness of its supposed rewards. He is profoundly conscious of the pettiness of human life and of the irony of fate—of which, indeed, he had plenty of instances before him. This, I fancy, implies personal characteristics which fall in very well, so far as they can be grasped, with what we know of the life. Be a Romeo while you can; love is delightful when you are young; only think twice before you buy your dram of poison. As you grow older be a soldier, a hero, or a statesman, or, if you can be nothing better, be a playwright, so long as the inspiration comes with spontaneous and overpowering force. But always remember to keep your passions in check, and don't for-

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get that the prize, even if you win it, may turn to ashes in your mouth. Fate is always playing ugly tricks, punishing the reckless and exposing illusions. The struggle is fascinating while it lasts, because it rouses the energies; but when the energies decay the position which it has won loses its charm. Literary glory, though one may talk about it in sonnets, is a trifle. Your rivals are many of them very good fellows, and make excellent society; it is both pleasant and prudent to be on good terms with them, and nothing is so contemptible as the rivalry of authors. But, after all, success only means a position among jealous dependents of great men, who themselves are very apt to get into the Tower and even to the scaffold. When youthful passions have grown feeble, and the delight of being applauded by the mob has rather palled upon one, the best thing will be to break his magical wand and sit down with, we will hope, "good Mistress Hall" for a satisfactory Miranda, at Stratford-upon-Avon. Though we can no longer write ballads to our mistress' eyebrow, we can heartily appreciate gentle, pure and obedient womanhood, and may hope that some specimens may be found, while we still enjoy a chat and a convivial meeting with an old theatrical friend. This view of life suggests, I think, a very real person, and does not go beyond what is substantially admitted by literary critics.

Leslie Stephen.

THE RELIGIONS OF JAPAN.*

(Concluded.)

But the doctrine of Confucius, once imported into Japan, was bound to become speedily naturalized, for the very reason that the cult of the Shinto, so barren upon the speculative side, contained the germ of a kind of religious positivism. A memorandum was drawn up of the new articles of belief; but the Samurai of Japan, clinging heart and soul to the old Shintoist faith, were content to spell out its formulas from the Chinese bible.

But though Buddhism was easily and peacefully acclimatized among these vain and optimistic islanders, and came soon to overshadow their whole social life, there would have been something almost miraculous about the change, were it not that Buddhism is so often merely the exploitation of a mystical philosophy by impudent clerical casuists. The recalcitrant gods who barred the route of these innovators were metamorphosed into Buddhas, while their fasting monks baptized all succulent poultry *carp* and called the meat of the wild boars who wallow in the marshes *forest-whale*. The transcendental metaphysic of Buddhism gives it a wonderful fluidity and enables it to assume the most unexpected shapes. It is at once gross and subtle; subtle even in its grossness. Nothing stays it. It penetrates everywhere. It informs the old idols with a new meaning; saturates the woods, the rocks, the soil, the men of the country. If not the drink, it is the cup whereby they slake their thirst. "It becomes moon, sun, cloud, grass, bird and fish;" it becomes the earth in which the dead are laid to rest. Native superstitions flock to it, as snakes to the charmer. It

tames them, sports with them, juggles with them. It opens schools of asceticism, and shops for the sale of amulets. Its drugs are mixed by philosophers; its prescriptions written out by professors of hypnotism. Its bonzes would have confirmed our encyclopedists in the notion that all religions are the fabrication of priests. I have often heard the opinion calmly maintained, and that by their leading men, that it is necessary to concoct an artificial heaven for the benefit of the poor, and to mark out for them a way of salvation, with idols for milestones. Are they impostors then? They are, and they are not. Their charlatanism is often fraught with pity. They hide, in the bait which they prepare for souls, a homœopathic dose of truth. Detestable or delightful, Buddhism preserves, even in its worst avatars, a trace of exalted goodness. That great master of illusion fears not to compromise itself by substituting for the illusions that destroy, the illusions that save us. It deceives us, as nature does; but in defiance of nature, and for our own good.

Its many subterfuges which were made so many vehicles for sanctity, were the prime cause of its success in Japan. It did not require the destruction of the old temples, but merely appropriated their gods, and turned their established ancestor-worship to its own account. There was no apparent change in the country save that the number of its divinities had multiplied and their images become visible. But the elastic diplomacy of Buddhism and the sensuous novelties which it introduced contributed yet more powerfully to its triumph. It has been said that Shintoism does not speak to the heart. It

* Translated for The Living Age.

might better be said that it does not speak to the senses. Through those unoccupied senses Buddhism slipped softly in and installed itself triumphantly in the soul of Japan.

Not without reason did Hirata, the venerable Shintoist who recommends the offering of water and flowers to the dead, condemn incense as abominable. Buddhism tried the effect upon the Japanese of perfumes previously unknown. Up to that time no odor had pervaded their temples, but that of leafage and of trees freshly stripped of their bark; and the Japanese flowers having more color than aroma, prayer was offered to the gods in an atmosphere pure save for the wholesome smell of humid earth. Religious rites were performed in broad daylight; if in the shade of a grove, still with heaven visible between the overarching boughs. Men held communion with the invisible quite naturally, and with no tension of the nerves. But the moment one passes the porch of a Buddhist church, the aisles flanked with lanterns, the emblematic gardens, the stone basins and gilded doors, the red corbels carved into heads of lions, tigers, or rhinoceroses, the columns which, when painted, seem draped with the rich stuffs of Benares, or, if bare, symbolize by the beauty of their veining the glory of some mysterious essence; the panelled ceilings painted in many hues, the brocade, the walls of cedar-wood, sculptured with glorious birds each perched upon the bough or nestling amid the foliage proper to its favorite haunt—everything surprises, dazzles and enchants the eye, suggesting a whole sensible universe of form and color, until the gaze is lost in the penumbra of a sanctuary of lacquer and bronze where burning braziers and perfumed candles transmute the intoxication of sight into that of smell.

These temples packed with marvels, these voluptuous museums of nonenti-

ty, vast, labyrinthine, ramifying in corridors, prolonging themselves by foot-bridges, reveal under the pantheistical disorder of their architecture, and bring home to the excited sensibility of the visitant their secret unity. Buddhism awoke the Japanese to a whole world of new sensations, some strange and others fascinating. It imported from India, that ancient fount of miracle for mankind, rituals of exorcism, magic sentences, midnight incantations, and a theosophy alluring to all amateurs and especially seductive to women. Out of the elementary telepathy of Shintoism it made an occult science. The *shyriô*, or spirit of the dead, acting upon the living, was distinguished from the *inkyriô*, or spirit of the living acting upon the living at a distance. The dead hover about the couches of their sick relatives and draw their footsteps toward the tomb. When two members of a family die in the same year, and a third is marked to follow them (for the proverb says—*Always three graves*) a trench is dug, a coffin containing a straw figure placed therein, and a Buddhist priest carves upon a false grave-stone a posthumous name whereby death is cheated. Japan had its undertakers, who repaired to its deserted temples at about two o'clock in the morning (the hour of the sacred Ox) in great straw hats, with three lighted candles stuck into the crown, bringing with them the dummy figure and the coffin-nails. Necromancers and alchemists began to abound. Mourning mothers were made to see their lost children, more beautiful than at the hour of their birth, passing with a smile along the silent way that crosses the river of tears. The *Gaki* were heard howling with hunger—which is one of the choicest of the torments reserved by Buddhism for the damned. Voices without resonance uttered prophecies in the temples, and the heaven-sent *Tennin* were de-

spatched with messages for men, cleaving the dark blue skies of night on their angelic pinions.

Then came Art, and shed a magic light upon all this twilight sorcery. All the art of Japan is born of Buddhism. Bonzes were her sculptors, painters, poets, musicians, potters, weavers and gardeners. From her temple arabesques to the hieroglyphics graven on the stone, from the sacred frescoes to the smallest picture-books, from dramatic recitatives to street-songs, from gold-lacquer marvels to the humblest of household utensils, from brocaded silks to simple cotton stuffs, from lordly parks to tiny miniature gardens, the genius of Japan has produced absolutely nothing which does not suggest a Buddhist thought, illustrate a Buddhist legend or betray a Buddhist feeling. And how that art sharpens and refines the senses of the beholder! How it can condense into a mere nothing the miracle of life! How often it succeeds in seizing upon the wing that which is never seen twice, but which once seen will be seen forever! Impressionism, if you will, if you insist upon an exact formula! But under all the impressionism how clear a perception of permanent types. The Japanese artist is always trying to disengage from passing illusions the essential principle underlying those illusions. He sees in the individual only the distinguishing features of the species. Of form he retains only the generic law made visible, that unmistakable thought of nature whereby all men in all times will be equally impressed. It brings home to the senses the infinite suggestions of the unfinished. Buddhist art has developed among the Japanese a gentle and refined sensuality; teaching them through the medium of sense-impressions that the most precious realities are but *mirages*.

Perfumes, gold-lacquer, brocade, glowing dusk of temple interiors, paint-

ings fraught with magical suggestion, a poetry of gleams and shivers, a richness in trivial objects, wholly disproportionate to their importance, incitements to dreaming, and the sting of a piercing melancholy! Shintoism had informed nature with every grace except the one which Buddhism revealed to the Japanese—the grace of fragility! Nature became dearer to them than ever from the hour when they first realized its evanescence, and fairer, after they had come to understand how much of its beauty is in the seeing eye. Adrift amid the flux of phenomena, they learned to appreciate a transient brilliance and a wistful fleeting charm. These fugitive caresses, these flashes quickly eclipsed are naught, save to the soul which can re-echo and prolong their sweetness and their light. The whole heart of these men was won by the instantaneous. Reality became for them a sort of mysterious electricity of which the minute sparks imparted infinite vibration to their dreams. And the feebler the spark, the greater the miracle. They taught themselves to prefer the reflection to the ray; the shadow to the thing, the rustle of a passing robe to actual contact, the remote echo to the original sound. And thus it was that out of echoes, rustlings, reflections and shadows they made for themselves an inner world.

I doubt whether the Japanese have ever formally conceived of the universe as the outcome of a creative thought; but their humblest peasants realize, to a degree inconceivable by ours, the splendor of passing phenomena, the deceitful brevity of life and the joy of being able to dwell in our own imaginings, as the swift river bears us away. I once asked a Buddhist priest the meaning of the perpetual smile we see upon the lips of the Japanese. He answered me by those two sayings which even the children are always repeating:—"Living: dead;—Meeting: Part-

ing." It is said that these strange folk used in old times to have an odd kind of music at their religious functions. The players went through with the motions on their wind and string instruments, of performing silent airs. They played in imagination and the tranquil congregation listened attentively to their silence. I will not vouch for this, but no Japanese whom I have questioned about it ever seemed to consider it improbable. It symbolizes to perfection, at all events, the choicest luxury of the Buddhist—that of voluntary hallucination.

But Buddhism has gone beyond this. Having first dissolved nature in a perpetual stream of phenomena, it reduced the soul also to the condition of limpid water composed of millions of molecules giving back reflections, traversed by passing shadows. At death the soul is decomposed, resolved into its elements and evaporates. But we have an invincible desire to live which results in reincarnation. It is not the ego which transmigrates into other shapes; it is the result of our actions. The balance between good and evil which our lives maintain at the moment of extinction constitutes the germ of a new existence. What we are is derived from what we have been. We no more remember the former things than in dreams we remember other dreams which have ravished or tortured us before. Our reincarnations are but the dreams—lovely or terrible as the case may be—of that principle within us which wills to live. When at last we attain deliverance, that is to say, when we wake, our births, our lives, our deaths will all unroll before our unsealed eyes their pleasures and their pangs. It is the implacable law of the "Karma."

Here, then, we touch upon an essential difference between ourselves and the Japanese. We believe in the conscious identity of the human individ-

ual. They do not. I know they seem to live as though they believed it. But did determinism ever prevent a philosopher from acting as though he were free? Does not the Oriental fatalist fight, and, especially, does he not trade as though he had the shaping of his own destiny? The people at large have assuredly never assimilated these profound theories; all they retain therefrom are the ideas of pre-existence and re-incarnation. These ideas have power over their hearts. They have coined proverbs, inspired popular songs, created idioms and metaphors. Social intercourse, even, has been modified by their influence. The thought that the criminal's crime is but his heritage from a preceding life has often caused the sword to drop from the hands of the avenger. The sufferings whose injustice appears so revolting to us, are accepted by the Japanese with resignation, through a vague feeling that doubtless he had deserved them in a previous existence. Love strikes us like a bolt from the blue. We have sudden reminiscences. They mean that the sweetheart of to-day was the love of long ago. The moment I saw her I recognized upon the new face the enchantment of an old passion. The knot of the cord which unites our barks was tied in times that are dead. The span of our brief life cannot satisfy our deep craving for tenderness and devotion. Our affections, yearning for a bit of eternity, overflow the undisputed regions of the life to come. Fathers and children are bound to one another for one life; husband and wife for two; master and servants for three; but lovers, in their divine rashness, make vows for five, six and seven lives. What I said a while ago of the verses of Hugo and Lamartine is also true of many English poets, and of our beloved Sully Prudhomme and of some of our symbolists. They have occasionally succeeded in expressing the

pre-established affinities between our hearts and outward things—the resurrection of a past which is abolished in the novelty of the present—the perfume which we recognize when we inhale it for the first time, the sound which is familiar, though unheard before, the house we know when we enter it first and the miserable or mighty stranger who weeps within us, but betrays not his country or his name. These, which are the utmost refinements of Occidental sensibility, are the merest commonplaces of Japanese poetry, the simplest acts of faith of Japanese religion.

But what moral can be deduced from this everlasting change and flux of beings and of things? What I call my personality is but the swaying and unrecognized chain that links a squad of convicts. I traverse the infinite spaces of a metempsychosis of lives, bound one to another indeed, but deaf, dumb and blind to one another. When I promise for future lives may not my mind be the dupe of my heart, since I remember nothing of all my past existences? Why should I vex myself concerning that individual of whom the germ exists in the residue of my acts, who will be I and yet will not know that he is my especial I? Is there any motive of self-interest here strong enough to withstand even a small temptation? So would reason the European, to whom his own moral individuality is as a citadel built four-square and strongly intrenched. Our western intellect rejoices in the digging of moats, the raising of barriers, the improvisation of ramparts. Does not our very language betray the invincible need we feel of limitation and termination when we have no better way of expressing the infinitely beautiful than to speak of *complete beauty* (*beauté achevée*). But once fortified and barricaded within the *Ego*, we begin to long to escape from it. We pile up

our obstacles that we may seem to have the more merit in surmounting them. Buddhism abolishes the frontiers. My being neither begins nor ends within the limits of my personality, and the unknown something which I call my soul is at the bottom of all that lives. The word altruism has for the Buddhist no meaning whatever.

"Fool that I was to think that thou and I were two!"

I am thou; and I am also the trance of the stone, and the light slumber of the plant, the breath of the beast, the energy concealed under all the myriad forms of nature. How should I escape from myself, when my being extends far beyond the utmost limit of my desires? To imagine distinct personalities—little fenced-in worlds—what a despicable delusion! I share the pains and pleasures of the universe, and I have no life apart from such participation. I embrace all things in my own, and sympathy is, with me, only the consciousness of that supreme truth.

The Japanese accept the "great mystery of ethics" as Christians accept the mysteries of their faith. Under the old social order where the chief end of man was not to differ from other men, where the received code permitted neither the holding nor the bequeathing of private property, the mystic unity of the Buddhist creed was translated into civil communism. Marvel not that these folk have no conception either of liberty, or of "charity" so-called; for these are individualist ideas. They will appeal from them to gentleness, to resignation, or rather, to quote Schopenhauer's admirable treatise on sympathy, "they will ask for grace instead of justice, leading us back to that point of view whence all things appear merged in one." The consequence of all this is that their

legends and romances often take what seem to us rather shocking turns. I remember one tragic story where the lover, who has been heroically deceived by the woman who is in his power, slips into her house under cover of night with intent to murder her husband, and, by mistake, murders herself instead. In his consternation he goes the next day and casts himself down at his rival's feet, confessing his crime, and offering him the bloody sabre. But the husband recoils, exclaiming, "How could I slay one who loved her?" Just fancy the feelings of repulsion and disgust which such a scene would excite if offered without comment to one of our audiences! But turn again to your Schopenhauer and read: "Were it possible for you, by any effort of hatred, to get inside your most deeply interested adversary, to fathom his inmost mind, you would make a startling discovery; for what you would find there would be yourself! Yes; you are like that." The end of the story was that the husband and the lover both retired to a Buddhist monastery.

The humblest of the Japanese can perceive the infinite correspondences that underlie phenomena. Their feeling for nature is so keen that I might almost call it egotistical. In the butterfly, or the grass-blade, they cherish what is enigmatical and eternal in themselves. Their language contains one word which cannot be defined and is absolutely intranslatable; it is the word *giri*. The *giri* is at once the lightest and the most binding of moral obligations. It is the invisible tie between two hearts that have no tenderness for one another. A man may take his own life; he may do good and sometimes also he may do evil through *giri*. The *giri* explains, excuses, justifies a thousand actions the motive for which quite escapes us. A bonze proposes to a courtesan that

they run away together. She refuses, and they both take poison. People rush in and discover them and their lives are saved. But when the woman is asked why she wanted to die—was it for love of a mere transient guest, or because she was poor—she can only shake her head and answer, "*Giri* ordained it." It is as if the soul sometimes recognized itself in another soul and passively abandoned itself to its fate.

This mighty power of sympathy often produces virtues as beautiful and pure as any Christian ones. But something always remains unexpressed. Buddhism knows naught of *effusion*—that impetuous and charming overflow of the heart which makes its way irresistibly into other hearts. Its gospel is one of silence. Grief does not cry out in Japan, nor love indulge in transports; bereavement smiles and abnegation utters no sound. The seeming isolation of souls in this country is comprehensible from the moment one realizes that all its souls are but a single one. The love of the Japanese for long preambles and interminable compliments is but the counterpart of their deep reserve concerning all that touches their innermost being. They excel in the art of saying nothing when they speak. A European resident once told me that for fifteen years, during which he had been a frequent guest in a certain house, he had never yet surprised the faintest sign of affection between husband and wife. The deferential and silent woman, and the haughty, taciturn man, actually seemed to have nothing in common save the roof that covered them. They did not eat together, they did not go out together, they had no apparent community of pleasures or of dreams. But eventually the man fell ill, and his case was pronounced hopeless. "I was there," said my compatriot, "when he was struck with death. He took his wife's head

very gently in both hands and laid it for one instant upon his shoulder. Then their wet eyes met, and such a look of love passed between them as I have never seen elsewhere."

The incredible power of silence which the Japanese possess irradiates their self-renunciation with a sorrowful smile and infinitely prolongs each act of sacrifice. They devise exquisite agonies for their own souls, and dissimulate their sensibility as they do their material wealth. A European, married to a Japanese woman, had a little son who was simply adored by his wife's brother. The baby died, and the maternal uncle, who had gone the whole length of Tokio daily to sit by its bedside, heard the sad tidings with a slight shake of the head and a half smile. During the days that preceded the funeral, he gave no sign of emotion. But on the last night he crept into the mortuary chamber, and the father who was sitting in an arm-chair and feigning sleep, saw him approach the little body and burst into violent weeping.

Japan is full of tales as simple as the Shintoist temples, but which amaze us no less by their sublimity than by the natural ease with which the folk of the country accept the sublime. I will mention a single one. It seemed to me all the more eloquent because the natives saw nothing extraordinary in it.

In 1812 a Russian captain named Rikord was sent to negotiate the ransom of Capt. Galownin, who had fallen into the hands of the Japanese with all his crew the year before, while on an exploring expedition among the Kuriles. Rikord contrived to seize a junk and held as a hostage the captain of the craft, a mariner named Kahl and a rather rich man, who though he did not belong, strictly speaking, to the Samurai class, had yet the right to wear a sabre. This man was carried

away captive to Okhotsk and his family believed him lost. His most intimate friend, in despair at a calamity which the then universal horror of strangers made far worse than death, distributed his goods among the poor, and retired to a mountain solitude, as our saints used to go into the desert. The Russians were so touched by the dignity and nobility of his action that they released their prisoner and Kahl came back to his native city. He soon learned of course, what his friend had done, but he sent him no messenger; he felt no need, apparently, of clasping him to his breast, he never dreamed of sharing his own substance with the man who had impoverished himself for his sake. But among the children of Kahl there was one daughter, whom he had turned out of his house years before. Friends and relatives had repeatedly besought him to pardon her lapse from virtue, but he had always answered that honor would not permit it. The waves of entreaty broke vainly upon his irrevocable decision. Now, however, personal mortification was forgotten and he resolved to break his own puritan pride. He returned sacrifice for sacrifice and recalled his daughter, not doubting, as he said, that his friend would know and approve his action.

Such are the sentiments which emerge from the dark depths of Buddhism. They have the inexpressible beauty of the lotus flower which blossoms at twilight on the surface of a solitary mere. I know very well that there is mud at the bottom of that mere. I do not pretend to deny that the most ignoble impurities are mixed up with Japanese Buddhism, and that its priests are often grossly ignorant or positively scandalous. Nor do I think that the philosophers of Japan have added much to the glory of its doctrines. They have stooped to the yoke of a metaphysical system, whose conclusions

they have adopted, without enriching them by any additions. Their twelve sects are in a perpetual wrangle over the fine points of a petty scholasticism. Their famous apostle Nichiren, who once said, "Nothing can move me save to be vanquished in argument by a man wiser than myself, but I do not expect ever to meet that man," strikes me as a poor kind of person from an intellectual point of view. Buddhism is, in fact, uninteresting except as we get fleeting glimpses of it through the eyes of poor and simple folk. Whatever there may be of grace in the gospel of the lotus, of soft melancholy in its pessimism and tenderness in its despair, has imparted a rich perfume to the inner life of the Japanese, and embalmed their peculiar virtues. Idolatry in a Chinese mask, has not vulgarized their dreams; and the grinning superstitions of the imported faith have stepped lightly for fear of wounding the native heart. The air that breathes about their altars is pure and sweet, and I forget the hideous countenance of the god Emma, when I remember that that King of the Underworld allows the damned a respite of a day or two in each year to enable them to take breath. Let those two days be set down to his account, in all lands and under all skies! And I have no choice but to love Kwannon, with her sweet face and sad eyes and chaste drapery—Kwannon, the most popular of all divinities, the goddess of pity.

Shintoism and Buddhism have had a great influence upon one another. Shintoism has had power to temper the extravagances of Buddhism and to stay the Japanese upon the steep slope down which other peoples have plunged headlong. The worship of country which it inculcates became to them a sure anchor amid the eternal flux of the universe. Moreover Buddhism corrected the rustic poverty of native Japanese worship. Many a time

have the two religions made mutual concessions under the roof of the same temple; the one modifying its countrified rudeness, the other its voluptuous and heart-sickening pomp. It was the old alliance between the cobbler and the banker. The banker lost some of his ennui, the cobbler some of his gaiety and dash.

But what will become whether of Buddhism or Shintoism before the sudden irruption of western ideas? European discoveries invalidate Shintoist conceptions; the quivering eagerness of modern life upsets the ideal of Buddhism. The faith of the Japanese does not chime with their new condition. The religious accord of the empire is destroyed. European science may amuse itself by detecting presentiments of truth in the local symbols of an ancient worship and prodigious intuitions in the metaphysic of the Hindoo; but these diverting coincidences do not alter the fact that our civilization, with its independence of the past, its deference to the individual, its industrial progress and consuming greed, its democratic instincts and plutocratic insolence, is in flat contradiction with the main principles of Japanese society, and rends with violence the heaven of the Japanese religion. This is so true that the political overturn, as is always the case with revolutions in which souls are disabled and drag their anchors, has resulted in an access of mysticism and bred a whole class of prophetesses and visionaries.

A certain woman named Miki, a native of the sacred province of Yamato, claimed to have been enlightened by a sudden revelation, and thousands of souls were led away by her. She has been twelve years dead, but her gospel has penetrated into every province of the empire. The so-called Ten-ri-Kyô—a hotch-potch of wild imaginings and Shintoist gods, has its temples, its miraculous legend, its sacred books, its

mysteries, its sexual orgies and initiations. It proclaims the approaching advent of a time when the whole human race will acknowledge Japan as its birthplace, and the prophecies of Miki for divine truth. A celestial dew will descend upon the reviving earth on the night when the gods of generation, Izanagi and Izanami, shall celebrate their nuptials. Then the blind shall receive sight, the dumb speak, the deaf hear, the lame walk, the lepers be cleansed and the mad awake from their evil dreams. And observe that these exciting vaticinations are all the more dangerous, because they betray, in a people of whom the secular beliefs have been shaken and humiliated by the irresistible conquest of the Occident, not merely the craving for a new faith and a new support, but the urgent need to surmount disgrace and conceive a mystic revenge.

That faith of simple souls which is abused by the Ten-ri-Kyô finds an echo in the laboratory of the philosopher and the man of letters. The importation of European books has produced a renaissance of religious investigation. The labors of Germany and France have shaken the dignitaries of Buddhism out of their protracted torpor. But while the Japanese are learning more about their own religion they are beginning to demand its reform. The sad and pensive Buddhism of the olden time begins to terrify them lest they should meet the fate of the patriarch Daruma of the sect of Zen, who lost his legs altogether because he sat too long absorbed in meditation. They want to march, to hasten, to run, to outstrip the agile European. They are dreaming of a "Neo-Buddhism," which shall be "democratic, empiric, optimistic." Big books have been published upon this matter. And this same optimistic, empiric, democratic Neo-Buddhism reminds me strongly of that kind of Neo-

Christianity which has lately invaded some of the more ductile minds among us, and which amounts to nothing more nor less than a scornful demolition of the Christian spirit. Moreover, the Japanese, who are incorrigible imitators, care much more for the reformer than for the reform. The imaginary glory of producing a Martin Luther will not suffer them to sleep. "If," writes one of them "a comparatively inferior religion, like Christianity, can be regenerated by the faith of a Luther, what might not be expected of Buddhism if touched by the fire of a like apostolic soul?" "From the religious point of view," remarks another, "the position of Japan toward the rest of the universe may be compared to that of the sun. The founders of religions, like the planets of our system, gravitate naturally toward our archipelago. We venture the assertion that it will be the final battle-field where the gods will engage in their last combat." Japanese neo-Buddhism, we are confidently assured, has received a providential commission to unify all human beliefs and to furnish the sublunary world with a definitive faith. Myself, I prefer the dewy simplicity of the Ten-ri-Kyô to these lyrical deliverances of Shintoism and Buddhism. But they all express the same exasperation of wounded vanity and betray the same internal chaos.

Only the Japanese who have become Christians appear to me to have taken up a sound and logical position. Let us suppose, for a moment, that our lawful rulers were imposing upon ourselves without our ever having requested it, institutions, customs and codes borrowed from the Far East and impregnated with Buddhism. The more tractable and resigned among us would clasp the forehead with both hands and exclaim, "Let me begin by turning Buddhist, or my head will burst!" Charitable societies, hospitals visited

by the Empress, courts of law where the rights of the individual may be established, more equitable enactments, divorce made less easy, domestic and social customs generally modified by a sense of personal modesty—all these new arrangements and usages bear the mark of Christianity.

Yet there are no symptoms that the religion of the West is about to be enthroned in Japan. There is nothing about it which is absolutely repugnant to Buddhism, unless it be the external analogies between the latter and Catholicism, and its deep inner sympathy with the Protestant lack of discipline. Have you never observed that the more a foreign language resembles our own, the more difficult it is to learn to speak it well? Our missionaries never convert Mussulmans, who give Jesus of Nazareth almost the rank of a prophet. Catholicism has also additional obstacles to contend with in the sanguinary defeat which it sustained under the first of the Tokugawa, in the memories bequeathed by the Spanish monks, and in its own title of Roman religion, wherein the pride of Japan long ago scented an obscure menace. Only by dint of a wonderful mixture of love and caution, and a sweet and generous tact, have our missionaries succeeded in forming a few admirable Catholic confraternities; and I have seen souls among their catechumens in whom the union of Christian dignity with Japanese courtesy produced a rare and exquisite result. Moreover, the magnificent system of discipline whereby our Church, for the last two thousand years, has dominated the souls of men, won such victories over the flesh and withstood so many assaults, inspires the more intelligent among the Japanese with a desire to borrow something of its pomp, its majesty, its rules and processions, if only to strengthen the declining authority of their own religious sects. But while

this idea does honor to the French missionaries, whom they often set up as an example to their bonzes, it is none the less a strange chimera to dream of "Catholicizing" Buddhism, which is essentially anarchic.

Protestantism had, at one time, greater confidence in its chances of success. Not that it could show a record of greater toleration. In January, 1843, a huge meeting of clergymen was held in London during the opium-war;—the most abominable ever declared in the interests of civilized barbarism. Thanks were offered to Almighty God that England had been permitted to prepare a way for the entrance into the Chinese Empire of gospel truth by routes which had been cleared for the traffic in poison. The American, Richard Hildreth, who cites this fact, adds that neither the letters of Jesuit missionaries nor the chronicles of their achievements furnish anything to be compared with this instance of Protestant zeal! But English or Americans, these clergymen came to the Japanese as the heralds of a new, optimistic and practical faith; accommodating itself to the changes going on in the modern world, individualistic, and of such a nature that it may readily be adapted to the manners and moulded to the fancy of any people. Their Anglo-Saxon assurance and their scientific apparatus were powerful adjuncts to their initial success. Many of these pastors were men of personal distinction—professors, historians, physicians, naturalists. Their chapels displayed the enlightenment of the laboratory.

The Japanese, flattered by the appeal to their reason, began to consult the Bible, and soon evolved the idea of a religion which should give back to Christianity its Galilean simplicity and might even assist us to solve more satisfactorily than we had ever done yet the minor difficulties of our theol-

ogy. But the curious result followed that Protestantism in the pagan hands of these brand-new converts to reform lost control of its own logic and leaped at one bound to the final term of its evolution, which is Rationalism. In 1893 it was decided at a convention of Presbyterians in Tokio that doubts concerning the divinity of Jesus Christ need not prevent a conscientious pastor from retaining his charge, "because," as they said, "if a belief in the Saviour's divinity were compulsory so many ministers would have to resign."

The case of Protestantism in Japan was exactly like that of parliamentary government, which passed in one day from the greenness of youth to ripeness and rottenness. Japan went to bed Protestant and woke up Rationalist. And I should hail the event as auspicious, if only I could feel any confidence in a reason so rapidly emancipated.

But the truth is that of all our European tendencies, the irreligion of our free-thinkers is the only one which fully satisfies those Japanese *parvenus*, who are the present masters of the country. The missionaries have stumbled over the obstacles within which our *esprits forts* have entrenched themselves. The Japanese had changed but little since the beginning of the seventeenth century; only this time the philosophy of Paul Bert crossed the ocean with the apostles and landed on the same steamer . . . "Religion being, when all is said, but a remnant of rude and barbarous ages, is unsuited to an epoch when the human mind is in full flower. So long as a nation remains deeply attached to its religion, it can aspire neither to civilization, power, or wealth. The great countries of England and America have cast off the shackles of Christianity, and let us congratulate them on their courage. Even France and Switzerland have now prohibited

the teaching of religion and ethics in their schools." . . . Who is it that speaks thus? Is it thy shade, oh drug-gist of Yonville? Is it some fierce anticlerical from Pantin or the Batignolles? Nothing of the kind! I have quoted these remarks from an article on the "Constitutional Vice of Religious Morality," which appeared in 1898, in a Japanese review, considered an authority on educational matters. Its author would appear to be a simple soul. But even as his political compatriots have honestly concluded, from the example of foreigners, that the chief requisite for becoming a politician is for a man to stifle his scruples, so a superficial observation of the Occident would seem to have persuaded this writer that all a nation needs to make it great is to abolish its religious beliefs. The Japanese of the upper classes, as a whole, share his opinion and do not hesitate to express it. The members of the Government and those who govern them are beginning to lump Christianity and Buddhism and treat them with the same disdain. The doctrine of disinterestedness is beginning to bind them in the armholes; and something of the true inner life of the people dies daily among the intellectual élite of Japan. In spite of its coarseness, I rather like that proverb current among the old Russian—or was it the Greek?—fishermen, "Fishers always begin to decay at the head."

The people itself—that reservoir of piety and devotion—does not seem to have been much affected by the disenchanting influence of anti-religious ideas. Never having suffered from clerical fanaticism, the Japanese will perhaps not suffer from the other and more mortal kind. But if their imprudent leaders should succeed in detaching them completely from their ancestor-worship, and in destroying their Buddhist "sympathy," there might be much to fear from a population which

has known no discipline hitherto save Shintoism and Buddhism ancestor-wor-
that of its own pensive traditions. ship still persists among the masses
Happily, by the combined efforts of and shows an incredible vitality.

Revue des Deux Mondes.

André Bellesort.

GIPSY SOULS.

There is a secret brotherhood, whose rules
Are never framed, whose watchword is unknown,
Whose dogmas flourish not in learned schools,
Whose creed is but a precept to disown
The wisdom of a world that names them fools;
A band where brother scarce encounters brother,
But treads the maze alone,
Doubtful of life's enrichment with another
To share his thought bruised in the human press,
And as the roving wind companionless.

But, here and there, two kindred dreamers meet,
And straightway learn to talk the common tongue,
And wake strange fancies from their dim retreat,
And know the throb of hearts sublimely young
Moving together with responsive beat,
And murmur bars of old forgotten ditties
That all their tribe have sung
Since the good days before the birth of cities
Had made the godly new, commercial man,
And scared abroad their dwindling caravan.

For they are born the children of a race
Furnished on earth with no abiding home:
Whose dreams fly out to ask a dwelling-place
Of shifting desert sands of ocean foam;
Who build up castles on a sunbeam base,
And gather unregarded bloom of pleasure
As o'er life's field they roam,
Rating above the hoards of valued treasure
That one rare thing no garnered gold has bought,
True freedom shrined in palaces of thought.

From "Town and Country Poems."

Arthur E. J. Legge.

MADAME NECKER.

Character, like history, repeats itself. There is indeed in every man, seen aright, an originality which makes the dulllest human being supremely interesting; and in each life a drama never before played on any stage. But the type recurs. In Madame Necker, with her passionate heart, her cleverness without wisdom, her instincts in place of judgment, her talent for affection, and for making herself and others wretched by that affection, every one will recognize some acquaintance of his own. Perhaps he will be thus the more able to feel for her that sympathy without which there can be no real understanding.

Suzanne Curchod is the very bright little daughter of a certain Louis, a Swiss Evangelical minister at Crassier, in Vaud. Madame Curchod is French, very pretty, very firm, very religious. There is by no means too much money in the little household. But when the baby girl is born in 1737, she completes a very real, pious and modest happiness.

Her father is so proud and fond of her that he undertakes her tuition himself. It is such a clever little creature from the first that he feels justified in giving it a boy's education. Suzanne looks up into his face and learns Latin and geometry, presently physics and science, and possibly Greek. From what one knows of the famous Madame Necker, one must suppose that the little girl's intellect is exclusively feminine, which is to say, that she has a very fine intuition rather than solid reasoning powers, the impulsive cleverness that is brilliant but hardly sound, and the tendency to mistake feeling for logic which marked Mother Eve, and marks her daughters forever.

But Suzanne has not only an aptitude

for head work. She can play on the violin and the harpsichord. She knows something about an unlikely instrument called the tympanum. She paints delightfully. When one adds that she is charmingly vivacious, with very blue eyes, very fair hair, the most exquisite girlish complexion, and all the gaiety, modesty and freshness of early youth, it does not seem at all wonderful that her father always has a large and ever-ready supply of young ministers from Geneva or Lausanne to help him with his services on Sundays. When the day is over and the time comes for the divine to ride home on M. Curchod's old horse, it appears that he is not the only person who feels regret at the parting. It is hardly a stretch of the imagination to picture Suzanne going out to the gate half gay, half sad, and wholly charming, on the pretence of giving a little sugar to the old horse, or instructions to the man of God on the route he should take.

She confesses very naively that she likes best that praise—on her little efforts at literary composition, that is—which comes from the opposite sex. Compliments to one's beauty are not less acceptable than compliments to one's wit. Suzanne coquets very prettily with a number of persons, and permits a rather ponderous local genius, a certain Darlet Defoncene, to call her his "modern Sappho," and address her in very second-rate and highly inflammatory verses signed "Melchizedek."

When she comes to Lausanne presently with her parents, she is the life and soul of all the dull Protestant parties in the place. She enjoys herself so much that she *must* give enjoyment to others. She is made President presently of a literary society called the Acad-

émie des Eaux, to which the local young persons of talent belong, and call themselves after the heroes and heroines of the plays and novels of the day. They write essays and verses, and criticize each other's compositions. They answer questions, such as "Is love sweeter by reason of its mystery?" "Can the same kind of friendship exist between a man and a woman as between two men or two women?" The Académie des Eaux is to them what papers and magazines are to the English youth of to-day. They set themselves to answer the same unanswerable or self-evident conundrums with the greatest seriousness and enjoyment. Not a little zest is lent to the entertainment at Lausanne by the fact that the members of the Académie are not exclusively of one sex, and sometimes find the solution of the problems by experience. Most of the youth are, at any rate, more or less in love with Thémire, or Suzanne, its head. And Thémire, who with her impetuous warm heart *can't* help enjoying admiration dispenses her favors among them with a beautiful impartiality.

It is at the Académie des Eaux, most likely, that she first meets the great Gibbon. The great Gibbon is nobody in particular, however, at present. He is only a fat English youth, who has turned Papist and been sent to the house of the Calvinist minister of Lausanne to be reconverted. He is now in character, as he is hereafter, a very cold and self-complacent pedant, extraordinarily vain and egotistical, with a sincere love of truth, and a memory and capacity for learning unequalled even in the eighteenth century. If it is not his genius which a brilliant girl like Suzanne might easily discover before a dull world suspects it, it is hard to say what attraction she can find in him. He talks well, indeed. One may picture the local talent of the Académie listening to him—too polite to laugh at

his awkward English fatness and affected manner—but only very dimly, or not at all, guessing the marvellous power, irony, accuracy which that unprepossessing exterior covers. And listening, too, with her lovely, expressive face and her ardent and sympathetic heart, President Thémire Suzanne Curchod.

When is it that Gibbon permits himself to be boundlessly and extravagantly adored by her? That is always their attitude to each other. The "Decline and Fall" could never be sincerely in love with anybody but himself.

But for Suzanne, the ministers, and that absurd Darlet Defoncene, and the adoration of all the Académie is so much less than nothing now. They were but the false lights before the dawn. This is morning, noon, sunshine. One lives, one worships. She flings her whole heart and soul into this passion. She has no prudence. She speaks her love, not ashamed. She is the devotee before a saint—and behold, the saint is but a stone effigy after all, whom the kisses of a thousand years will not warm into life.

It is from the spirit of their letters one gathers the real state of things. Gibbon's father disapproves of his son's *penchant*. And the lover—save the mark!—who has condescended to find Suzanne learned as well as lovely, and to hope that he has made "some impresson upon a virtuous heart," yields to the paternal authority as a good son should, and writes to the girl, eating that heart out with shame and misery, that his cure is helped by hearing of "her tranquillity and cheerfulness."

Tranquillity! This woman never knows such a feeling all her life. She is not the stuff of which tranquil people are made. She certainly does not know it when in 1758 Gibbon goes back to England, and leaves her for four years without a sign of his existence,

beyond sending her with a frigid dedicatory epistle, his "*Essai sur l'étude de la Littérature.*" He has not been man enough to break off their engagement decidedly and for all. He leaves her to hope against hope that he will come back to her. Her pride and her self-contempt torture her every hour. In four years one may well feel all "the pangs of despised love."

In 1762 he at last writes to break with her definitely. In 1763 he comes back to Lausanne. His "*Memoirs*" relative to this time contain not a single allusion to her. A few days after his arrival she begs him to tell her plainly that he no longer cares for her. When her impetuous letter has been given back to her, she writes on it in the depth of her humiliation: "A reflecting soul is punishment enough. Every thought draws blood." Finally she meets him at Voltaire's, at Ferney. He is so cruel ("only to be kind," perhaps) that the next day she writes him her last letter. She does not spare him. He does not deserve that he should be spared—though when an impulsive woman flings herself upon a cold man's heart, he is to be a little pitied as well as she. She tells him the truth. She tells it him at the greatest length and with every line burning with indignation and wretchedness; and then thanks God that He has delivered her from "the greatest of misfortunes," a marriage with Gibbon, and ends by saying that he may one day regret the loss of the "too honest and too loving heart" he has despised.

It would seem that this broken love-story affects Suzanne's whole character. When it begins, she is a girl. It leaves her a woman. It finds her a very lively, pretty, vivacious coquette. It leaves her passionately sensitive, not a little morbid and despondent, too scrupulous in conscience, nervous, excitable, suspicious. For to be betrayed is not only the bitterest experience of

human life; it is also the most far-reaching in its effects. For it too often destroys trust not only in the deceiver, but in all men. And to be without faith in human nature generally means to be also without faith in God.

In the January of 1760 Suzanne's father dies suddenly, leaving his widow and daughter wretchedly poor. Suzanne fights poverty with not a little spirit and begins to give lessons. She is fighting too all the time that source of wretchedness in her own heart, her love for Gibbon. No one who has himself been through some such period of youthful bitterness will judge her harshly, because her trouble makes her petulant, exacting and difficult at home. That noblest fruit of sorrow—an infinite tenderness for the sorrows and failings of other people—is fruit seldom borne by a young tree. Suzanne can't yet believe that happiness is not a necessary of life, and is at this time, or says afterwards that she is, wicked and capricious towards her mother. When, two years later, that mother dies, the daughter laments her with a passion of grief not a little hysterical.

She is now quite alone in the world. She is so young! She has no money! She is so proud! And she finds one of the best friends of her whole life in a certain Pastor Moulton. Another pastor, Cayla, Moulton's father-in-law, offers her a home in his house. Then, as now, the need of it brings out kindness; and a world that has been called cruel vindicates itself by generous deeds.

Suzanne does not lack lovers, one may be quite sure. She is so lonely and despairing that she very nearly accepts an offer of marriage from a certain barrister—simply for a home and peace.

It is at Moulton's house that she meets a gay little widow, Madame de Vermeux, who is under the famous

Dr. Tronchin, and trying to console herself for ill-health with the admiring society of a number of male friends. She takes an impetuous fancy to this very pretty Mademoiselle Curchod. Suzanne must come back and live with her in Paris. Suzanne's pride is up in arms in a minute. It is Moulton who reasons with her and makes her accept so advantageous an offer. The woman who is hereafter to rule the most brilliant society in the capital enters it first as an obscure dependent, who has not enough money even to dress herself as fashionable Paris requires, and who represents herself as rich to the good-natured little widow for fear Madame should humiliate her by presents.

To Madame de Vermenoux's, as, it is said, one of the charming widow's admirers, comes one day a certain M. Necker, Swiss, *bourgeois*, banker, very rich, very clever, rather ugly, and peculiarly absent-minded. Perhaps he is so absent-minded that it slips his memory that his hostess is an aristocrat, and that though she may permit herself to flirt with a financier, she is not at all likely to marry him. Perhaps he is thinking exclusively of M. Necker. ("Malebranche saw all things in God," says Mirabeau, "and M. Necker sees all things in Necker.") When is it that the financial eye first rests with interest on Madame's guest? Mademoiselle is still young, and if sorrow has robbed her of some of her soft and brilliant bloom which characterized the happy President Thémire, it has lent her face feeling, depth, expression. Her own clever mind can but be attracted by the sagacity and intelligence of the banker's. His self-conceit—well, that is a quality to which her friendship with Gibbon should have accustomed her. That old rebuff of fortune makes her cautious here. Once hurt as she has been, one does not lightly put oneself in the way of being wounded again. Does he care for her? He has

not said so. He goes away to Geneva, leaving her in suspense; comes back to Paris, and, with his offer of marriage the sunshine floods her dull world once more.

The pair keep their engagement secret from Madame de Vermenoux. One fine morning they slip out quietly and are married. There seems not a little meanness in their conduct, after the kindnesses Suzanne has received from Madame. But there are doubtless reasons (though possibly not good reasons) for such reserve.

They go to live in the Rue St. Michel le Comte, in the house belonging to the firm of Thelusson & Necker. They enjoy, one may well hope, that honeymoon happiness of which a description is a desecration. And presently Suzanne is writing very gaily to a friend, with M. Necker looking over her shoulder. "Picture to yourself the worst-witted man in the world so completely persuaded of his own superiority that he does not see mine," etc., etc., etc. If one has never known the laughing tenderness of such a springtime in one's own experience, everybody at least must have looked at it through other men's eyes.

The change which Suzanne's marriage makes in her worldly prospects is very great. Instead of Madame de Vermenoux's dependent, she is the mistress of a fine house and many servants. Her husband is very rich and not a little influential. When he is made Minister for the Republic of Geneva, the position gives him access to the Court, and to the society of such men as Maurepas. At home his wife is very loving and brilliant, with curious fits of depression as a kind of reaction after a great deal of liveliness; very conscientious and impetuously religious. One cannot think that she can ever be an easy wife to manage. Her very devotion to her husband, ecstatic, absorbed, and without sense of the

ridiculous, must be difficult for a practical man to deal with. Yet not the less this marriage is one of the very few marriages in history which seem even to the onlooker well assorted. M. Necker is a great financier rather than a great man. But besides an extraordinary sagacity, he has a sound common-sense which makes him a fine, firm background to Suzanne's emotions. She cannot but respect one in whose life duty and the good of others are strong sentiments, even if there is some little truth in the *mot* of Madame de Marchais: "M. Necker loves virtue as a man loves his wife, and glory as he loves his mistress."

On April 22, 1766, Corinne-Delphine-Anne-Germaine Necker makes her entrance into the world. Madame de Vermeux, forgiving much, is her godmother. Her father is infinitely proud of her. Suzanne is resolved as soon as ever the little girl is old enough to learn anything she will teach her herself.

Before that time comes Madame Necker finds herself the head of one of the most famous Salons in Paris.

Marmontel says that she starts it as a relaxation for her husband. This is very possible. It is not easy to start. Unlike the other Salons, it is at least partly coaxed into existence by the husband himself. "The fruit of the tree of knowledge" is then, as now, very often a particularly "aërial and unsatisfactory diet." It is becoming the fashion for the philosophers and the men of letters to seek pecuniary aid from financiers. And M. Necker is of them all the most generous.

As for his wife, "Who is this upstart?" say the other women at first. "A little Swiss Protestant from Crassier? Somebody's poor companion, quite unnecessarily good-looking? The wife of a *bourgeois*? Bah!"

It is not a little curious that the *Salonnière* who, in contradistinction to

almost all her rivals, is at once young, beautiful, rich and learned, should not only be the one who of them all finds it the most difficult to begin her Salon, but who, when it is at the height of its fame, is not always kindly criticized even by its *habitués*.

Diderot says he first comes because she bothers him to do so. The Abbé Galiani is a constant attendant chiefly because he cannot hold his own in argument against the open atheism of such a Salon as Baron Holbach's, for instance; and complains a good deal—without meaning a compliment to her—of Madame Necker's "cold demeanor of decency." Grimm's cool head and heart (his heart, says somebody, is always in the right place—the market-place) cannot believe in the sincerity of her warm religious convictions. Another friend murmurs that she is without taste in dress, artificial in mind and face, and pedantic in language. It is said again that she never directs the conversation without visible effort, and suggested that her manner is too effusive, that that "fiery soul" expresses its convictions or prejudices too warmly both in looks and words, and that some of the passionate sensitiveness and nervousness which afflicts herself, afflicts her friends. It may be true as well that she is too keenly absorbed in the drama of her own life, and the far greater drama of her husband's, to be very interested in other people. And for her learning—it is only a supremely tactful and sympathetic woman who can hinder learnedness from being a social hindrance to her. Madame Necker is too impetuous for tact as she is too concentrated for sympathy.

But her Salon, not the less, attains a wide fame. The *littérateurs* and philosophers flock to it on Fridays, in her new house, the Hôtel le Blanc, Rue Cléry, and presently in the famous Rue Bergère. On Tuesdays her intimates dine with her at four o'clock.

In summer she receives, first in her house in the Bois de Boulogne, and then at the Château de St. Ouen, between Paris and St. Denis. "I go once a week to supper at St. Ouen," says Madame du Deffand. She speaks of her host as quite frank and natural, but a little bit ponderous in conversation, and very absent-minded.

Suzanne has an impulsive welcome for all her guests; knows how to flatter their self-love a little, it is said, though this is less by design than because her impetuosity leads her to say the right thing instead of the wrong. Some of her friends ask for her help and influence to elect them to the Academy. Sometimes in the evening she has Mademoiselle Clairon, the famous actress to amuse them. She relies much less than the other *Salonnières* on her own powers of entertaining. On a footstool at her mother's feet sits the little Germaine, very bright and very precocious. When the Maison Necker receives at St. Ouen, its guests walk about under the trees on the terrace, and Monsieur sends them back presently to Paris in his own carriages. There is a famous dinner, described by Grimm, at which seventeen men of letters propose to erect a statue to Voltaire by subscription, and the daughter of the good Calvinist Curchod objects, because Pigalle, the sculptor, *will* have the figure represented almost without any clothes at all.

What has been called the "marsh-miasma of Salons" can hardly be said to rise from this one. Its head, at least, is a passionately religious woman, a faithful wife and a severely conscientious mother. If she permits in her rooms a society by no means immaculate, that proves rather the low moral tone of her age than any laxity in her own virtue. It is the custom. Let any one try to alter the public opinion of his own time, and he will pardon Madame Necker that she could not

change the public opinion of hers. Buffon, the naturalist, supremely pompous and self-complacent, and with, alas! most of the typical vices of the French philosopher of the day, is one of her faithful adherents. She admires the heavy pedantry of his style, and models her own upon it. And in Thomas's bombastical periods—Thomas being her devoted worshipper for twenty years—she sees only solemnity and magnificence. Literary taste is hardly Madame's forte. Here, as elsewhere, the strong biases of a warm heart lead her astray. Perhaps it is such a bias that makes her seek and keep Diderot, whom "it is impossible to respect or to help loving," and who, though "he talked as never man talked," is not the less "utterly unclean, scandalous, shameless." Kindly old Madame Geoffrin scolds Suzanne's guests—for their good. The Duchesse de Lauzun is one of her attached friends. It is this Duchess who, married at sixteen, and abandoned by her Duc the next day, is to be hereafter of that noble army of martyrs who expiate others' sins under the guillotine, and who mounts the scaffold with that "air of sweetness and virgin modesty" which once captivated Rousseau. Besides these are Suard, the censor of the Académie, Morellet, Raynal, Arnauld, St. Lambert, Marmontel and many others. It is Suzanne's ambition which loves her Salon, and her heart which loves to get back to the husband she worships, and the child who is to divide her from him.

Her relationship to Germaine belongs to Germaine's history rather than to her own. It suffices to say here that, as a mother, Madame Necker is governed by that passionate and morbid desire to do right which rules her whole life, and that she is always so sternly seeking the child's real good that she has no time for the little tender-nesses which gain a child's heart.

When is it she feels first for the gay and engaging little creature, who appeals to a side of M. Necker's nature which the intense wife could never touch, a sudden and miserable jealousy? Suzanne is at no time a petty woman. But to see this charming, vain, clever, naughty little daughter taking up all the time and attention that once were only hers! That is too much. The father spoils the child and laughs with her. They have a hundred little understandings from which Madame feels herself shut out. She watches them—when was he ever so light-hearted with her?—fond, stern and wretched. She thinks she suffers only because Monsieur interferes with her scheme of education. She is always communing on the subject with her own sore heart. She writes pages and pages of prayers, as ecstatic as a fasting nun's. Her troubles are not lessened when Germaine grows up into a most vivacious and accomplished girl. The daughter must be married—for her good. Suzanne wants her to be the wife of Pitt, the great commoner. And Pitt says, "I am married to my country." So in 1786, and in default of better, Germaine is given to the Baron de Staël-Holstein, lives near her parents and becomes at length the presiding genius of their Salon in the Rue Bergère.

Is this time, which should be the happiest, one of the most wretched of Madame Necker's life? No one can lightly say that troubles which come chiefly from one's own morbid temperament deserve no compassion. There is no cure for them but some cruel blow from fate. For it is only in the presence of a real misfortune one knows no imaginary ones.

Madame sits by while the daughter, unconsciously perhaps, and certainly with no evil intentions, takes her adherents from her. They talk politics. Germaine can (and does) talk

about anything. Madame's bent is literary and not political. She is suffering much in health at this time, and her old vivacity—is this Thémire of Crassier and Lausanne?—falsifies her. Her friends, Thomas, Buffon, Diderot, are dying or dead. There is impassioned talk of the times that are coming—nay, are come—upon France. Madame does not need such fearful anticipations to fill her cup of misfortune. Her own self-torment has filled it to the brim. It is M. Necker who says of his wife that to make her entirely delightful in society she only needs one thing—to have something to forgive herself. She seems outwardly stern, righteous and cold. But what a morbid self-reproach in those prayers—what a mistrust of everything, of the husband who loves her so much, of the daughter she loves not a little! When the enormous task of introducing his great plans for financial and administrative reform makes Monsieur worried and preoccupied, Madame thinks he is cold to her because her beauty is fading and her youth gone. When he disapproves of her talent for writing (which indeed she turns too often to morbid uses), she offers to destroy her *Essay on Fénelon* if he will give up his direction of the India Company. The inequality of the bargain does not occur to her. She is passionately devoted to him. But she does not rise to that better devotion which would have helped him to do his duty, even if the path to it had to be cut through her own heart.

Perhaps she is easier in mind when they go to Coppet—the estate near Geneva which they buy in 1784. Here, in the presence of the great quiet mountains with their peaceful slopes of field and forest, her jealous mind may well be more at rest. Her unhappiness is always partially physical. If one could but stay here! If one could but get away forever from the political

whirlpool that engulfs one's husband, from the social life that brings one into rivalry with one's own child!

In 1781 M. Necker has resigned his official situation (which he has kept for five years) as Controller-General of the Treasury.

From 1781 to 1788 he is out of place, though hardly out of power, and spends his time in schemes for the good of his country and in defending his past acts, and in 1788 he is recalled as Controller-General.

It is on July 11, 1789, when Monsieur and Madame are entertaining a party of friends at dinner, that he receives his letter of banishment from the King. He puts it in his pocket and says nothing. After, he tells Madame. She rises to the occasion as such a woman would. When there is so great a cause for emotion she forgets to be emotional, and only thinks of her husband. They order the carriage as if they were going to take a summer evening drive. They make an excuse to their guests. They tell Germaine nothing, for fear in her grief she should be indiscreet. If the mob—that wild mob of Paris, always in a frenzy of love or hatred—knows that Necker, their idol, is being taken from them, they will bring him back by force in triumph. Madame, who is in wretched health, does not even wait to change her dress. They never rest day or night until they reach Brussels. Germaine finds them there three days later, worn and travel-stained, and otherwise just as they left the dinner-table on that memorable evening. They have only reached Frankfurt when they receive the King's urgent and passionate recall. The Bastille has fallen. Paris is mad for the man the monarch has disgraced. What are the feelings of these people as they are led back in glory, with the mob applauding them, drums beating, music playing, "a host of cavalry, infantry and citizens" guarding

them, children throwing flowers, women singing, and the flags of what once was the Bastille waving in the air? The father and daughter share that "universal intoxication" of joy. Perhaps Madame's more foreboding soul is fearful of such a wild success—suspicious of that frenzied worship. She is with her husband in the City Hall, where the people weep at his words and he seems to them "as a god." He is reinstated in his high functions in the government, and, with his wife, takes up his residence at Versailles.

On the morning of October 5, that great day of the Insurrection of Women, when the "ten thousand Judiths" advance upon the Palace, Madame de Staël hurries there to her parents, fearful, as she may well be, for their safety. Outside is "an infernal host," "an immense people." Within, M. Necker hastens to the King. His wife follows him to the Salon next the King's, that whatever be her husband's fate she may share it. In this supreme crisis, when every moment one lives through makes history, she would seem to be at her best and her serenest. The next day, when the Queen returns from that immortal scene on the balcony, when Lafayette kisses her hand and the fickle people shout "her name to the very clouds," it is to Madame Necker she turns, saying, sobbing, "They force the King and myself to go to Paris with the heads of our bodyguard borne on the pikes."

Suzanne is spared that cruel scene, and drives back to the capital with her husband and daughter on a smiling autumn day through the Bois de Boulogne. What is in her heart? Can her husband even now save France? He himself says it is too late. The tide rushes on to the Terror, and a greater than Necker could not stem it. Suzanne implores him to retire to save himself, before that public feeling, upon which no man can rely for an

hour, turns against him and makes salvation impossible. She has always been for peace and obscurity. Who shall say that when they go to Coppet, but a little more than a year after that great recall to power, the wife's heart is all sad? They leave their country indeed in a condition past hope. The world that began so brilliantly for her husband lies in ruins at his feet. But now the wife, who has been a part of his life, may perhaps be all of it! If Madame Necker has some such feelings, she is not the first woman who has known them, and will not be the last.

The arrival at Coppet in September, 1790, is dismal enough. M. Necker writes much. Suzanne has a gloomy room looking out over the park, and falls into that old bad habit of brooding, brooding, brooding. Gibbon comes over from Lausanne, where he is writing his "Roman Empire," to stay with them. He has stayed with them before this in Paris, and they have a comfortable friendship for him, and a very sincere admiration for his talents. Does he or Suzanne remember those old days when they first met? He writes of her to Lord Sheffield: "Madame Necker's outward manner is better; mais le diable n'y perd rien." And *she* loves her husband with that absorbing devotion which admits of no other affection. Madame de Staël comes from the red heart of the Revolution to join her parents, and Coppet is a shelter for many refugees.

Madame Necker's condition of health is now very unsatisfactory. Her conduct to her mother at that bitter time—how many long years ago!—preys upon her mind. Perhaps Coppet itself, with its thick dark avenues of trees and great solitary rooms, is not very good for a melancholy temperament. She tries to collect her friends in the neighborhood round her; but can she help thinking often of an earlier visit

here, when they saw her famous and prosperous? M. Necker, "abandoned by his friends, vilified by his enemies, disowned by his country," cannot always be a cheerful companion.

By 1792 Madame is really ill. The great doctors see her. But who can minister to a mind diseased? A happy temperament is either a gift from the gods or the fruit of one's own effort. If no one could give ease and rest to the fortunate young wife of the successful banker, how shall they find it for this gray-haired woman? A passionate loathing for Coppet takes possession of her heart. She is moved to Robe, whence she writes her farewell letter to her husband, which he must read after her death. She thinks her soul will still watch over his fate. Before this she has had a great desire that her body shall be embalmed instead of buried. A thousand morbid fancies take possession of her. This woman who has always tried to be good, is haunted by such a fear of death as an evil conscience is often spared.

She is taken to Lausanne to be under Tissot. The last thing she ever writes is her will, dated January 6, 1794. She makes provision out of her very little *dot* for her maid, for some of her poor people, and some distant relatives; asks her husband to supply the further money the *dot* will not cover; and then with that doubting heart which is her torment, reproaches herself for having thus appealed to his generosity.

Her last months are passed in dreadful bodily suffering; but her husband's devotion must kill even *her* distrust. Germaine, too, is with her mother. Oh, how small, seen from the threshold of another world, must look the jealousies that made this one miserable! The daughter slings to her sometimes. When she is alone the sick woman prays fervently out loud. Often, worn by fa-

tigue, she falls asleep on her husband's arm, and he remains in the same position for hours rather than disturb her. She turns to him once to say, "I fear death, for with you I loved life." At last, when she is too weak to speak, she stretches out her hand to him. She dies May 6, 1794.

Oh, what a stormy soul is this, and under that cold exterior what a full and throbbing heart! There is hardly any other famous woman in whom the idea of duty is so over-mastering and persistent as in this one. Is she indeed, as Madame du Deffand describes her, "rigid, frigid and good?" Is her virtue often forbidding and severe? She lives in an age when if a woman's virtue is not severe she has none. The very intensity of her feelings makes her seem stern. If she had loved her husband less absorbingly she might have been easier to live with. If she had been less passionately desirous of her daughter's real good she might have been a more judicious mother. Some irony of fate always pursues her. If few have tried so hard to do well, many with less effort have done better. In considering Madame Necker one must remember always that "it is not what man does that exalts him, but what man would do."

As a philanthropist she founds a famous hospital, and, like her husband, is sincerely devoted to the good of the people.

Longman's Magazine.

Religion is the mainstay of her life, and remains an absorbing conviction, though there is hardly one of her friends who shares it, and scepticism is in the air she breathes.

It is Madame Necker who writes: "I am every day astonished at the moral perversion which withers all minds and all hearts. Vices or virtues are alike indifferent, provided only conversation is animated, and *ennui*, our most dreaded plague, is banished."

As an authoress she is as ecstatic as she is in her prayers and her heart.

Her "Réflexions sur le Divorce" are the most passionate and touching argument for the sanctity of marriage. Her "Mélanges," published by her husband after her death, are rich in axioms and epigrams.

If there is another woman of the eighteenth century whose judgment is so unperturbed by its shams, she is hard to find.

At Coppet, where first Bayle, and then the greatest financier and his daughter, the most brilliant literary woman of modern times, lived, and where all nature has that supreme serenity which is peculiar to a mountainous lake country, may still be seen the tomb where rests at last the passionate heart of the woman who began the world at little Crassier, not six miles away, as the minister's daughter, Suzanne Curchod.

S. G. Tallentyre.

FRAGMENT OF A GREEK TRAGEDY.

Alcmaon. Chorus.

Cho. O suitably-attired-in-leather-boots
Head of a traveller, wherefore seeking whom
Whence by what way how purposed art thou come
To this well-nightingaled vicinity?

Fragment of a Greek Tragedy.

My object in inquiring is to know.
 But if you happen to be deaf and dumb
 And do not understand a word I say,
 Then wave your hand, to signify as much.

Alc. I journeyed hither a Boeotian road.

Cho. Sailing on horseback, or with feet for oars?

Alc. Plying with speed my partnership of legs.

Cho. Beneath a shining or a rainy Zeus?

Alc. Mud's sister, not himself, adorns my shoes.

Cho. To learn your name would not displease me much.

Alc. Not all that men desire do they obtain.

Cho. Might I then hear at what your presence shoots?

Alc. A shepherd's questioned mouth informed me that—

Cho. What? for I know not yet what you will say.

Alc. Nor will you ever, if you interrupt.

Cho. Proceed, and I will hold my speechless tongue.

Alc. —This house was Eriphyla's, no one's else.

Cho. Nor did he shame his throat with hateful lies.

Alc. May I then enter, passing through the door?

Cho. Go, chase into the house a lucky foot.

And, O my son, be, on the one hand, good,

And do not on the other hand, be bad;

For that is very much the safest plan.

Alc. I go into the house with heels and speed.

Chorus.

In speculation

I would not willingly acquire a name

For ill-digested thought;

But after pondering much

To this conclusion I at last have come:

Life is uncertain.

This truth I have written deep

In my reflective midriff

On tablets not of wax,

Nor with a pen did I inscribe it there,

For many reasons: *Life, I say, is not*

A stranger to uncertainty.

Not from the flight of omen-yelling fowls

This fact did I discover,

Nor did the Delphic tripod bark it out,

Nor yet Dodona.

Its native ingenuity sufficed

My self-taught diaphragm.

Strophe.

Why should I mention

The Inachean daughter, loved of Zeus?

Her whom of old the gods,

More provident than kind,

Antistrophe.

Provided with four hoofs, two horns, one tall,
A gift not asked for,
And sent her forth to learn
The unfamiliar science
Of how to chew the cud.
She therefore, all about the Argive fields,
Went cropping pale green grass and nettle-tops,
Nor did they disagree with her.
But yet, howe'er nutritious, such repasts
I do not hanker after:
Never may Cypris for her seat select
My dappled liver!
Why should I mention Io? Why indeed?
I have no notion why.

But now does my boding heart, *Epode.*
Unhired, unaccompanied, sing
A strain not meet for the dance.
Yea even the palace appears
To my yoke of circular eyes
(The right, nor omit I the left)
Like a slaughterhouse, so to speak,
Garnished with woolly deaths
And many shipwrecks of cows.
I therefore in a Cissian strain lament;
And to the rapid,
Loud, linen-tattering thumps upon my chest
Resounds in concert
The battering of my unlucky head.

Eriphyla (within). O, I am smitten with a hatchet's jaw;
And in deed and not in word alone.

Cho. I thought I heard a sound within the house
Unlike the voice of one that jumps for joy.

Eri. He splits my skull, not in a friendly way,
Once more: he purposes to kill me dead.

Cho. I would not be reputed rash, but yet
I doubt if all be gay within the house.

Eri. O! O! another stroke! that makes the third.
He stabs me to the heart against my wish.

Cho. If that be so, thy state of health is poor;
But thine arithmetic is quite correct.

* * *

THE WARDEN OF THE MARCHES.

BY SYDNEY C. GRIER.

XVII.

THE LUCK OF THE BABA SAHIB.

"What is it, doctor?" cried the Commissioner impatiently, as Dr. Tighe ran up the steps towards him with the most unwonted nimbleness.

"It's a boy—as fine a child as ever I saw in my life—and both likely to do well," was the gasping response.

"What in the world do you mean by coming and telling me such a thing as that at this moment, sir?" demanded Mr. Burgrave, whose habitual calmness was fast vanishing under the strain of the events of the night. "Are you aware that the enemy will probably be inside the fort in a few minutes, and that I am just about to give the order to fire?" He leaned over the sand-bags again to listen to the tramp of advancing feet.

"I tell you, it'll make all the difference to the men!" cried the doctor. "For Heaven's sake exhibit some interest, even if you don't feel it, or they will credit you with ill-wishing the child."

"Nonsense! No one could wish the poor little beggar worse luck than to come into the world at such a peculiarly inopportune moment."

"Inopportune? Why, he brings good luck with him. Doesn't he, Ressal-dar?"

"It is the best of luck, sahib," answered Ghulam Rasul, with a complacent smile. "Will your honor bear the *salaams* of the regiment to the Memsahib, and entreat her to name an hour when it will be fitting for a deputation representing all ranks to pay their respects to the Baba Sahib?"

"The fellow talks as though we had a lifetime before us!" grumbled the Commissioner morosely. "Surely they are within easy range now, Ressal-dar?"

Ghulam Rasul advanced to the parapet, and peered narrowly over the sand-bags which capped it. "I know not how they come on so steadily, sahib," he said hesitatingly, when he stood erect again. "Perhaps it might be well for your honor—" but he was interrupted by a frantic shout from both gateway turrets at the same moment.

"Hold your fire! Hold your fire! The Colonel Sahib!"

"It is the luck of the Baba Sahib," said Ghulam Rasul calmly, as Mr. Burgrave and the doctor raced one another for the nearest turret. The doctor, having no crutch to hamper him, reached the goal first, and saluted the advancing force with the information that they had just escaped from being blown into smithereens.

"All well, I hope?" said Colonel Graham, as the guard of the turrets descended tumultuously to unbar the gate.

"All well, Colonel, and the garrison increased by one since you left. And what about the guns, if I may ask?"

"The guns? Oh, they're at the bottom of the canal," was the answer that stupefied Dr. Tighe, as the forlorn hope began to file through the gateway.

"Then you were successful, after all?" said the incredulous voice of Mr. Burgrave from the steps.

"Oh I see it! I see it!" cried Dr. Tighe, laughing wildly. "You settled the guns, Colonel dear, and then you came home another way, while the

enemy are all waiting for you under the hill at this moment! Oh, pat me on the back, somebody, or I'll die!"

"What's wrong with you, Tighe?" asked Colonel Graham in astonishment, as the doctor sat down upon a pile of sand-bags that had been taken away from the gate, and fairly wept.

"If you'd been through what I have to-night, going backwards and forwards between life and death, as I may say, and expecting those fiends to break in at any moment—why, you would be glad to find the next hour or so assured to you," was the incoherent reply, as Dr. Tighe accepted a sip from a flask which Winlock held out to him. "But I beg your pardon, Colonel Graham and gentlemen, for this exhibition," he added stiffly, as he rose and smoothed down his coat. "It was the thought that there's a chance now for Mrs. North and the child that overcame me."

"The child?" cried Fitz. "Is it a boy, doctor? Oh, good luck! Three cheers for the Luck of Alibad!"

Colonel Graham waved his helmet, and led the cheering with a will, until the rousing sounds echoed beyond the circuit of the fort, and revealed to the startled enemy the fact that their prey had escaped them. In the rage caused by the shock of this discovery, their customary prudence forsook them, and leaving their cover they pressed forward to the walls. The troops had been marching all night, but every man hurried to his station without a moment for food or rest, in the conviction that the crisis of the siege had at last arrived. The attack was only half-hearted, however, although the enemy had provided themselves with scaling-ladders, in the evident expectation of being able to push their assault home. The absence of the support upon which they had counted from their cannon on the hill upset their plans, and although Bahram Khan could be seen urging his

followers forward even with blows, and setting them the example himself by advancing to the very foot of the wall, they did not so much as succeed in planting one of the ladders. When convinced that the attempt was hopeless, the Prince drew off his forces with considerable skill. A detachment of marksmen posted behind the plane-trees made it impossible for the defenders to show themselves at the loopholes for the purpose of delivering a flanking fire, and thus the assailants escaped with but little loss, but it was undeniable that in this, their first attack in force, they had suffered a defeat.

"Oh, I do feel so perfectly happy!" cried Mabel. "Think of all the horrid, doleful things we were saying last night, Flora. And now Georgie is getting on all right, and the baby—"

"And such a baby!" said Flora gravely, contemplating with deep interest the morsel of humanity which was lying in Mabel's arms, wrapped in a shawl. It was with most unflattering reluctance that Mrs. Hardy and Rahah had consented to confide their precious charge to the care of two amateur nurses, however well meaning, but Mabel had insisted upon the privilege attaching to her position as an aunt, and the baby had been entrusted to her and Flora for a limited time, on condition of their promising faithfully to bring it back if it cried.

"And our men are all safely back, and we have won a victory, and everything is splendid!" Mabel went on. And yet the chief cause of her abounding satisfaction was one which she did not disclose. She was free once more, and she felt that a load had been removed from her mind. But if she told Flora, Flora would think that her plain speaking had contributed to this happy result, and ungratefully enough, Mabel did not care that she should think so.

"I feel as if I should like to dance," she broke out. "Do dance, Flora."

"And shake the dear baby?" asked Flora reproachfully.

"Salaam, Miss Sahib!" said a voice at the door, and they turned to see Ismail Bakhsh standing in the semi-darkness of the passage, shaded by the matting curtain. "Is it permitted to the meanest of his slaves to kiss the feet of the Baba Sahib?"

"Oh yes, you can see him," said Mabel, guessing at the tenor of the request, and she held up the baby. It was not by any means her intention that Ismail Bakhsh should take the child from her arms, but this he did at once.

"Oh, you'll make him cry!" protested Flora.

"Nay, Miss Sahib, he will know me, that I am the servant of his house. Was I not for ten years Sinjaj Kilin Sahib's orderly, going in and out with him?"

"All the same, I don't quite see why that should make you an authority on babies, my good man," murmured Flora, when she had told Mabel what Ismail Bakhsh considered his qualifications for the post he had assumed. But the baby lay quite quietly in his arms, as though it recognized the force of the ancestral tie.

"The Baba Sahib has the eyes of Nath Sahib, not of Kilin Sahib," was the self-constituted nurse's next remark, delivered in a tone of keen regret.

"True, but some children's eyes change color, just as kittens' do. Perhaps his will," suggested Flora, gravely and consolingly.

"Georgia wouldn't like that," objected Mabel, when this was translated to her.

"I'm afraid poor Mrs. North won't see much of him, if the regiment have their way," said Flora. "Do you know what Ismail Bakhsh is saying now?"

"I shall carry the Baba Sahib daily into the air, that he may grow tall and strong," the old man was announcing. "And as soon as he learns to walk I shall bring a little pony—a very little pony, Miss Sahib"—this in answer to the protest he discerned in Flora's face—"and I shall teach him to ride without saddle or bridle, that he may be like his grandfather, and I shall instruct him in the use of arms, so that when he joins the regiment with the Empress's commission he will have no occasion to learn anything. He is to be a soldier from the day of his birth."

"Oh, how his father would have loved to teach him to ride!" murmured Mabel with tears in her eyes.

"The regiment will be his father, Miss Sahib. Is he not the son of Sinjaj Kilin?"

"No, he isn't!" cried Mabel, "and I don't know why you should persist in leaving out his own father. Have you forgotten him already?"

Flora translated the question, and the old man answered it gravely. "The Baba Sahib has no father until he has avenged him, Miss Sahib. We shall tell him of all Nath Sahib's doings, and how he was lured to his death by guile, but he must not take his name upon his lips until he can say, 'Now there is not one left alive that had any part in that accursed deed, for I his son have tracked them out and slain them all.'"

"I don't think Georgia will quite approve of the principles in which the regiment proposes to educate her boy," said Mabel.

"Oh," said Flora, "he says: 'The Memsahib is but a woman, though something more than other women. This is our business. Is not the Baba Sahib the Seal of the General, left behind to rule us?' You know the story, don't you, Mab? When General Keeling died, the chiefs heard that he had expressed a desire to be buried in England—which was not true, by-the-bye—

and they came to say that if his seal was left in Khemistan, they would obey it as if it was himself, so that his body might be buried where he wished. But he is buried in the churchyard here, you know, by his own desire."

"May we be allowed to take part in the baby-worshipping?" asked Fred Haycraft's voice at the end of the veranda. "We couldn't find any servants to announce us, so we were obliged to walk in."

"Poor old Anand Masih is seeking a little rest after the exciting events of the night," laughed Mabel. "Walk softly, please, and come quite to this end of the veranda, so as not to disturb Georgia."

"We felt shy because we couldn't send in our cards properly," said Fitz, who was Haycraft's companion, "but when we saw you had a visitor already we thought we might venture in. What a nice, smart nursemaid Mrs. North has got hold of!—eh, Ismail Bakhsh?"

"True, sahib; I am the Baba Sahib's bearer," responded the old man with simple dignity. "Every night when I am not on guard, I shall bring my mat and lie in the veranda here, to guard his sleep."

"That's a queer idea," said Haycraft. "Has the Memsahib asked you to look after him?"

"Nay, sahib, but many seek to destroy the lion-cub, for fear of what he may do when he is full-grown."

"I wonder if there's anything in that?" said Fitz. "Can it be that Bahram Khan's men directed their fire upon this courtyard purposely, knowing that Mrs. North was here?"

"There are enemies within the walls as well as without, sahib," was the answer, as Ismail Bakhsh rocked the baby gently in his arms.

"I say, I believe I could do that," said Fitz. "Let me have a try."

"No, no," said Mabel; "you'll only make the baby cry and hurt his nurse's

feelings. We want you and Mr. Haycraft to tell us what really happened last night, and why you left us to endure such agonies of suspense for hours. I believe it was simply that we might think all the more of you when you got back."

"Then I hope you do," said Haycraft, "for he deserves it. Go ahead, Anstruther; you left the fort first. I'll come in later on, and spare your blushes."

"What in the world are you driving at?" demanded Fitz. "Story, ladies? bless you, I've none to tell. We got across the irrigated land and into the hills just as we had intended, settled ourselves in our *cache*, and then let off our rockets and opened fire. At first it was exactly like upsetting a beehive, there was such a rushing about and shouting in the camp underneath and all over the town. But we hadn't allowed for one thing. Bahram Khan is far cleverer than we thought him. He could tell by the sound of our firing that we were only a small party, and he guessed at once that our attack was nothing but a feint, arranged to cover a dash on the guns, so he didn't waste any time in trying to rush our position, but simply left us alone, which was truly mortifying, for we had been looking forward to no end of fun among the rocks, leading the fellows off on false scents and astonishing them with unexpected volleys, and all that sort of thing."

"Fun, indeed!" cried Mabel indignantly. "You ought to be thankful they let you alone."

"I'm sorry, Miss North. I didn't know your heart was so tender towards the enemy. They escaped us that time, at any rate, you see. Well, as soon as we made sure that the tide of battle was taking its way elsewhere, we evacuated our sangar, and started off at the double for the rendezvous. But there were difficulties in

the way of getting there. While we were slipping and sliding down into the valley, making for the canal, we heard tremendous firing in the direction of the bridge, which sent our hearts into our sandals, for we knew that the Colonel's column had no business to be anywhere near there."

"Yes, I cannot make out how you managed to be so far to the right," said Flora addressing Haycraft, and speaking more in sorrow than in anger, as beseems the arm-chair critic.

"We didn't manage anything of the kind," returned Haycraft. "As a matter of fact, we were not there at all. The only explanation we can suggest for the mysterious occurrence is that the Commissioner and his command were making a record display of wild firing from the walls—simply blazing away in every direction—and that some of their bullets fell among the force posted at the bridge-head, and started them off, too. We were marching by compass on the right road when we heard them repulsing, as they imagined, an attack in the rear. They can't make out that their shooting is much better than ours, at any rate, for some of their bullets went wide in their turn, and fell into our ranks, which sent the native followers into an awful panic. One or two men got flesh wounds, that was all, but the doolie-bearers and *bhistis* scattered in a moment, and tried to hide. We had to rout them out of all sorts of places, but at last we did think we had got them all, though it seems now that one of them succeeded in escaping. He is being dealt with—suitably—at this present moment."

"And do you mean to say," asked Mabel, as Fitz laughed grimly, "that you all went on as if nothing had happened, and never returned the fire?"

"Why, that would have given the whole thing away. Our only chance was to leave them to blaze away at

one another, and go straight for the hill. But this is Anstruther's innings still."

"Well," said Fitz, "when we heard the firing, we occupied instantly a fine strategic position in a hollow at the base of our cliff, with the canal in front of us, and one of the men and I scouted a little way along the bank. What we found out was very exciting indeed. The men at the bridge-head had discovered their mistake by this time, and ceased firing, but we saw why they were in such an agitated state of mind. The bridge had been repaired and they were guarding it. More than that, Bahram Khan was even then—as we crouched there—bringing up his men to cross the canal, and invest the water side of the fort, so cutting off our fellows as they came home. I can tell you it was a pretty tough job to wriggle along like a snake, and take advantage of cover, when one wanted simply to tear back to the rest and consult what was to be done. You see, there was just this in our favor. The enemy didn't know whether our men had started on the return march yet or not, and so long as there was no noise on the hill, they would remain in doubt, for they weren't likely to risk falling into an ambush by going up to see. Sure enough they waited discreetly, spreading themselves out over the irrigated land below the hill on both sides of the canal. That gave Winlock and me our cue, and when I got to the Colonel—"

"But you haven't said how you got to him!" cried Mabel and Flora together.

"My turn!" said Haycraft blandly, laying an authoritative hand on Fitz's shoulder. "Sit and squirm, my boy, while I sing your praises. He swam the canal, ladies, in the dark and icy cold, and took over with him the end of a rope made of the men's turbans. Winlock and the rest waited to guard

the crossing, while this fellow climbed the hill, and by the best of good luck, found us at the top. We had taken the guard round the guns absolutely by surprise—they were all asleep, in fact, without a single sentry—and settled things almost in silence. Not a shot was fired, and everything was so quiet that Woodworth started the bright idea of bringing the guns home with us instead of destroying them. It really seemed quite possible, for the drag-ropes were there ready, and it would have made all the difference in the world to us to have a couple of cannon, but when Anstruther turned up like a very dripping ghost, and informed us that the way was blocked, and we couldn't even get home ourselves, much less take back the guns in triumph, things began to look a little blue. We might stay where we were or we might try to cut our way through, but the prospect wasn't very cheerful in either case."

"No food or water on the hill, and the enemy holding all the plain below," summarized Fitz.

"And therefore," went on Haycraft, "the Colonel lent a willing ear to the aspiring civilian before you, who offered to lead him right round through the hills, and bring him in at the front gate of the fort, the very last place where the enemy would think of looking for him. So the drag-ropes came in useful, after all, for we pulled the guns to a nice steep place overlooking the water. We had to be awfully quiet, of course, though the hill was between us and the enemy, but we spiked the guns and rolled them over into the canal. Then we marched down and got across by the help of the drag-ropes, which Winlock and his men hauled over with their string of turbans. We got pretty wet about the legs, but nothing to Anstruther. He led us right round as he had promised, and at the end we actually marched

right through the town without meeting a soul. The men were told to break step lest the tramp should be heard, but the enemy were all ever so far off, watching affectionately for our reappearance on the other side of the canal.

"They hadn't the slightest suspicion of our real whereabouts. Of course, if we had known which way we were coming back, we might have done a lot of things—taken some dynamite and blown up General Keeling's house, perhaps—but it's no use repining about that now."

"Repining? I should think not!" cried Flora. "You've had a whole night of marching and counter-marching, and strategic movements and capturing guns, and you come home to find a nice little fight waiting for you before you can lie down to sleep, and yet when you are in the very act of playing Othello to two Desdemonas, you pretend you aren't satisfied!"

"Oh, we haven't made enough of them," said Mabel briskly. "They think we ought to have met them at the gate and cast the flowers out of our best hats before them as they marched in. I'm sure this morbid thirst for appreciation oughtn't to be gratified, for their own sakes. Now, I am going to take the boy back to his mother. His brains will be addled if Ismail Bakhsh rocks him to and fro much longer."

"What's happened to the Commissioner?" asked Haycraft, as Mabel disappeared with the baby. "We rather thought we should find him here."

"I don't know," said Flora. "He hasn't been in this morning. Oh no," as Haycraft lifted his eyebrows, "they haven't quarrelled. They were quite friendly last night. I daresay he's busy."

"It is because of the Baba Sahib that the Kumpsoner Sahib has not come," remarked Ismail Bakhsh calmly, paus-

ing at the corner of the veranda, and addressing all and sundry.

"Our friend understands English too well," muttered Haycraft to Fitz. "But what can he mean—that Burgrave dislikes babies, or that he is jealous because Miss North is so much taken up with it?"

"The Kumsioner Sahib will not come here in the daytime," was the dark reply. "That is why this unworthy one will keep guard here at night, sahib."

"What maggot has the old fellow got in his brain now?" asked Fitz, when Ismail Bakhsh had disappeared down the passage.

"I really think this valued family retainer is getting a little cracked," said Flora. "Do just imagine the Commissioner creeping in here in the dark with a dagger to murder the baby!"

"Or smothering it with pillows!" chuckled Haycraft.

"Well, I only hope Ismail Bakhsh won't go and shoot some one by mistake," said Fitz.

"There is a deputation from the regiment waiting at the end of the veranda, anxious to interview your son and heir, Mrs. North," said Dr. Tighe in the afternoon.

"How nice of them! I wish I could take him to them myself," said Georgia.

"You must leave that to his proud aunt," said Mabel. "But surely we ought to smarten him up a little, Georgie? I wish we had a proper robe for him. How would that white embroidered shawl of mine do to wrap him in?"

"No, tell Rahah to get out the shawl which the native officers gave me for a wedding-present. It is in the regimental colors, and that will please them more than anything."

"Now don't excite yourself," entreated Mabel. "You are getting quite

flushed over the boy's toilette. Do leave him to us. Surely Mrs. Hardy and Rahah and Flora and I can dress one baby between us?"

"Well, mind that if the officers hold out the hilts of their swords, you make him touch them with his hand, and the same if the men bring any present."

"Oh, Flora will prompt me. Don't be afraid, Georgie. The boy's first public appearance shall do credit to us all, and the regiment too."

But when Mabel stepped out into the veranda with the gorgeous bundle in her arms, she was met by Ismail Bakhsh, who held out his hands with an air of proprietorship which she resented. "No, no," she said, shaking her head vigorously; "I am going to hold him."

"Nay, Miss Sahib, am I not his bearer? Was I not for ten years orderly to Sinjaj Kilin Sahib? Have I not served Nath Sahib and the Mem—"

"Don't hurt his feelings, Miss North," laughed Dr. Tighe.

"Well, he can stand beside me and lift the boy's hand to touch the presents. People must really understand that he belongs to us as well as to the regiment."

The honorable post assigned to him served to mollify Ismail Bakhsh, and he took his stand beside Mabel with immense dignity. The members of the deputation were all in full uniform, and advanced to pay their respects strictly in order of rank. All unconsciously the baby itself struck the right note at the very outset. When Ressaldar Badullah Khan came forward and held up the hilt of his sword, there was no need for Ismail Bakhsh to guide the little hand to it. The glittering metal, rendered dazzling by a ray of light, which came through a bullet-hole in the curtain, seemed to catch the baby's eye, and the aimless movements of both arms which followed were immediately interpreted as

indicating a desire to seize the sword.

"*Shabash! Shabash!*" came in eager accents from the men behind. "He is the true son of Sinjaj Kilin. The sword will never be out of his hand."

Badullah Khan retired, much gratified, and Ghulam Rasul, taking his place, was careful to hold his sword where the light fell upon it. Again the baby stretched out its arms to the gleam, and this was accepted as confirming the omen. The other officers were content when Ismail Bakhsh raised the baby's hand to touch their sword-hilts, and the same was the case with regard to the two or three gold coins which the men brought forward as a mark of respect. The bearer of this *naar* was just retiring when an untoward incident occurred. There was a sudden whirr, and a bullet, piercing the matting curtain, ploughed up the skin of Ismail Bakhsh's wrist and passed through the fleshy part of his arm, before burying itself in the wall behind him. The group in the veranda stood staring at one another. Flora declared afterwards that Mabel dropped the baby in her fright, and that it was only rescued by a frantic effort on the part of Dr. Tighe, but Mabel repudiated the accusation with scorn. Certain it is that her nephew was still in her arms the moment after, when a cry of "A hit! a palpable hit!" came from the nearest tower, following closely upon the report of a rifle.

"Are you trying to pot the baby, Winlock?" shouted the doctor, recognizing the voice and stepping out into the courtyard.

"No, but I've sniped the sniper. There's no cover on Gun Hill now, and I saw his head when he raised it to fire. No harm done, I hope?"

"Well, the Luck of Alibad very nearly came to an abrupt and premature end. Take the child in, Miss North,

and reassure the mother. Master North has had his baptism of fire pretty early."

"What can have made them fire in this direction again?" asked Flora, as she brought out a pair of scissors to slit up Ismail Bakhsh's sleeve.

"I see how it is," cried the doctor. "This curtain doesn't quite reach the ground, and the sight of such an assemblage of spurs, shining in the sun, showed the sniper that something was going on in this neighborhood. It's a happy thing that Ismail Bakhsh was standing in front of the baby."

"Ah," said the old man, with a delighted grin, "the Baba Sahib is ours altogether now. We have paid our respects at his first durbar, and we are his comrades in arms already. Surely the Rissaldar-Major Sahib and those who are absent with him will be mad with envy of us."

"And you have shed your blood for him already," said Dr. Tighe, as he bandaged the arm.

"Nay, Sahib. It all belongs to him. He has but taken toll."

"Isn't he perfectly sweet, Georgie?" Mabel was demanding at that moment, by way of diverting Georgia's mind from the danger to which the baby had been exposed. Kneeling at the side of the bed, she was trying with conspicuous lack of success, to tempt her nephew to play with her hair. "Don't you think he is the most delightful baby that ever was born?" she asked again.

"Of course," said Georgia, smiling. "I am almost as proud of him as Dr. Tighe is, and that's saying a good deal."

"And he's so good," resumed Mabel, referring to the baby, not to the doctor. "He has scarcely cried a bit, and that is such a comfort under the circumstances. It would have been so discreditable if the Luck of Alibad had

cried whenever a shot was fired; but he's a regular little hero."

"Well, he has no lack of nurses, if that's good for the temper," said Georgia. "Oh, how I wish his father could see him!" she sighed suddenly, as the baby moved in her arms, and looked straight before it with solemn gray eyes.

"Perhaps he can," suggested Mabel softly.

"Why, Mab! what do you mean?" cried Georgia, her face flushing.

"I only meant that some people think they are allowed to know what is happening on earth," explained Mabel, with some hesitation.

Georgia laid her head upon the pillow again with a little moan of disappointment.

"You will talk as if Dick was dead!" she said. "I thought you had heard something—that he was here, perhaps."

"Oh, Georgie!" cried Mabel, in strong remonstrance. Then, remembering that exciting topics ought to be avoided, she changed the subject. "What do you mean to call the boy? Have you decided?"

"St. George Keeling," was the unhesitating reply. "Dick has always said that if he had a son he would name him after my father."

"Then you won't call him after Dick? Oh, Georgie!"

Georgia smiled triumphantly. "Oh, yes, I shall insist upon that. If Dick chooses two names, I'm sure I have a right to choose one. Richard St. George

The Argosy.

Keeling North—it's rather long, isn't it? but Dick won't mind."

"Then I suppose," said Mabel, feeling her way timorously, "that you were not thinking of having him christened just yet? Mr. Hardy was asking me whether you would like it to be soon, as things are so uncertain."

"Before his father comes back? Certainly not," said Georgia, with so much decision that Mabel dared make no further protest. She attacked Dr. Tighe upon the subject, however, when she saw him next.

"You thought that poor Georgia's delusion would pass away when the baby was born, but she is as fully convinced as ever that Dick is alive," she said, with something of triumph.

"I know," acquiesced the doctor, "and I am disappointed. But the delusion is bound to disappear in course of time—when she sees his grave, if not before. And I'd have you remember, Miss North, that she's likely only hoping against hope now. Her reason may be assuring her that he's dead, while her heart fights against the notion. To try to combat this hope of hers would only make her stick to it all the more. Let it alone, and it will fade away naturally."

Much against her will, Mabel promised to obey. It seemed to her that it was both wrong and cruel to allow such a state of uncertainty to continue, but as the days passed on without any further allusion to Dick's being alive, she began to be satisfied that the delusion was fading from Georgia's mind.

(To be continued.)

FESTINA LENTE.

The Rajput is a good fighting man—few better—but he washes before meals, and this, though an excellent provision at ordinary times and in an ordinary sense, yet creates difficulties on active service, or in times of hasty movement. For the washing is no hand and face affair, no lick and promise, no veneer of soap and water on the extremities—but a downright thorough ablution of the whole body. It is performed in the open air at a suitable spot with a suitable profusion of water such as only a decent reservoir or a good well or tank can afford.

Then too, when the washing is over, the clothes must not be worn till the food is eaten; for these would defile the body and undo the benefits accruing from the washing. And the cooking also is a difficulty, for unless a man himself, or his brother, or his cousin to a not very distant remove, or, in the last resort, a mighty Brahmin of the caste above him cooks the food, it is social and religious ruin to him to eat it.

And so in ordinary peaceful times, each man washes himself and cooks his own food, and since the whole function occurs only once daily, it is easily arranged that there shall be some three hours of the daytime set apart entirely for it; during which each detail can be amply performed.

But when twenty miles are to be covered in the day, when men are wanted for continuous fatigues, when pickets are to remain out the whole day long on hill tops, then an unbroken spell of three hours is hard to fit in.

Something is done in these days on active service to mitigate the difficulty. Tell the Sepoy, "It is time of war, and of stern necessity," and he will waive a few prejudices, though not all.

Get him Brahmin cooks for his food, and he will eat it provided the cooking pots are not the common property of those with whom he has no dealings—but in this case you will find it hard to keep the cook in order. For though a cook and the Sepoy's servant, yet does he not still remain a mighty Brahmin?

Generally speaking, rather than eat his food in an unorthodox manner, the Rajput will starve, or merely subsist on such light refreshment as relays of sweets and popcorn, which though he is permitted by his religion to eat them unwashed, do not supply the amount of tissue destroyed by hard work, and, if persisted in, disagree with the stomach.

The 10th Rajputs were not on active service nor warned for it. They had no Brahmin cooks, they had no tendency to slackness in their caste principles, and therefore were difficult to manage in an emergency like the present. The facts that led to this emergency were as follows:

The 100th Madras Infantry had been left after the Tirah campaign as part of the garrison of the Punjab cantonment of Isakpur. It was considered wise both politically and economically to leave them there for the present.

But the Madrasi is not like his northern brother-in-arms; he is not content, like the latter, to live a bachelor life for most of the year, relieved only by a short spell of domestic bliss when on furlough. And leaving Madras in the Punjab means the leaving of one thousand husbands beyond reach of the wives of their aching bosoms, and the havoc caused among two thousand warm hearts is not to be measured in words. Suffice it to say that the 100th on settling down for the hot weather after the excitements of the campaign,

fell into a lamentable state. They developed a low, malignant fever that baffled the doctors; that devout Roman Catholic, Subadar-Major George Augustus Rami Sami died in his bed, calling upon the Saints and a certain swarthy matron of Malabar in alternate breaths. Many more died also, and the rest were good for little. They did not mutiny, they did not even make importunate petitions. They just drooped. And as they went on drooping, the roster for guard duties suffered, and the guard duties in this northern post were heavy and important; and when at last as many men as could be spared had been sent home homesick, when many more had gone to hospital and some indeed had died—at last, by about the end of July it was found beyond a doubt, that the work of the garrison could not proceed without some speedy remedy.

The plan adopted was for them to be relieved at once by the 10th Rajputs from Gargapur in the Central Provinces.

The Garrison of Gargapur would be sufficient without the 10th; so the 10th received a telegram in which they were told to proceed with bag and baggage with the least possible delay to Isakpur, while the 100th were buoyed up with the news that as soon as the 10th relieved them, they should be sent back to those snug quarters in the sunny South where a thousand winsome wives were awaiting them.

The 10th Rajputs and the whole of Gargapur were well on into what may be called the sleepy stage of the hot weather. There was nothing of importance being done. The General was snugly ensconced in a hill station and had ceased from troubling. The Colonel of the 10th was in Kashmir, shooting brown bears. An easy-going Major and three junior officers were looking after the Regiment. Parades were few, musketry was at a stand-still, office work was reduced to the level of

a mere routine. Hot it was, dull it was, but very peaceful.

Wrapped in security, these four officers were enjoying their after-breakfast cheroots in the veranda of the mess-house, all lying out in a row in long "peg-chairs," so that the front view showed nothing but eight soles of feet and four newspapers. Rain had just fallen, and the grass looked green, and the air was for the moment so cool that no punkah was wanted, while the fresh smell of damp earth was fragrant in their nostrils; it was one of those moments when the Anglo-Indian says that India even in the summer is a good place to live in.

But softly pattering came two bare feet along the veranda. A gray-bearded, sphinx-faced bearer brought a telegram on a salver to the Major-sahib, and the apple of discord fell among them. For the Major opened the telegram and imparted the news to his juniors. "The 10th on relief scale to proceed to Isakpur, with as little delay as possible."

Isakpur was a thousand miles away, and Gargapur was twenty miles from the railway, so that a day's march and three whole days in a troop train in July or August lay before them, while, till they started, an infinitude of packing and arranging and thinking and writing and wiring must be gone through.

They re-studied the telegram and found that the scale of travelling was "relief-scale." This meant that they had to take with them everything, to clear themselves body and soul, part and parcel, for good and all, out of the station. Half the officers were on leave, and all the belongings of these must be packed and taken with them except what, after asking their wishes in the matter of endless letters and telegrams, they might be able to sell for them at the station. The Colonel's wife's drawing-room pier-

glass must be packed in cotton wool and taken with them, and a nice bit of soldiering that would entail. Jones's monkey—the darling of his heart—had broken loose the day after Jones had gone on leave, and he would have to be caught and tied to a bullock cart and personally conducted to the journey's end by all of them, or Jones would never speak to them again.

Such considerations struck them in dozens as they sat in the veranda viewing the situation. They did not sit there long—for it was necessary to act at once. The telegraph wires began to palpitate, the office babus to sit up, and the Sepoys to groan under heavy fatigues, before half an hour was over.

A twenty miles march to the station meant the impressing of a lot of transport, and the only transport available was bullock carts. And the bullocks all around were at work in the fields, since this was a busy time for agriculturists, so that the commissariat found it hard to procure them. Many a bullock was hidden for days in long grass to escape detection, or stowed away in the back premises of villagers' houses. For the news spread like wildfire that a regiment was going on the march, and that many bullocks would be taken from the fields and the cultivators left with none wherewith to work their land.

The Commissariat said it would take a fortnight to get a hundred and fifty bullock carts ready, for this was the modest number required. Therefore telegrams were sent to that effect, and meanwhile to the same high quarters news came from Isakpur of the death of others besides George Augustus Rami Sami, and of further decimation of the 100th.

Isakpur could not be left ungarrisoned, but its garrison was dwindling fast from the distressing malady to which the 100th were subject.

Meanwhile the regiment ordered to

relieve them was at a standstill one thousand miles away for want of transport; therefore there was nothing to be done but order half the 10th to start at once with the minimum of baggage on what is termed "Field Service Scale," and relieve the 100th before further disasters occurred. The remaining wing of the 10th would follow some days later, and bring the heavy baggage of the whole regiment with them as soon as the required transport was available.

In a day or two, therefore, the Major and one of the other officers marched off with the right half-battalion lightly equipped to the relief of the 100th in their extremity, while Captain Parry and 2d Lieutenant Beans remained to bring along the rest and all the heavy kit, so soon as those bullocks could be wrenched from the clutches of the reluctant "ryots."

Parry and Beans packed and sorted their own and every one else's belongings, sold their brother officer's traps for old songs, interviewed rascally native auctioneers, drew up inventories of goods and chattels, caught Jones's monkey, took the mess billiard table to pieces, and had lawsuits in the Cantonment magistrate's court over the unexpired rent due to the native sharks who owned their bungalows; until, after a week's hard work, matters were in a fair way towards being ready.

Meanwhile skilfully organized raiding parties had gone forth daily from the commissariat to a radius of twenty miles round, and brought back reluctant teams of bullocks, and still more reluctant drivers. The carts creaked slowly, patiently into Gargapur, the bullocks beaten in by the drivers, and the drivers beaten in by the myrmidons of the commissariat. Many a scene of hard goading was witnessed. Many a driver pleaded with hands joined that his father had just died, and no one was at home to guard his

mother, that his wife had just had twins or that his marriage was fixed for the morrow. But the law for the impressment of carriages is inexorable. Sometimes a driver was clever enough to slip down a by-way, and hiding from sight remain unnoticed while the others were goaded on. And the bullocks took their cues from their drivers, and without much prodding with sticks and twisting of tails, would barely move an inch. Some would play the bullock's last card, which is to lie down bodily and be immovable. And in answer to this there is only one last card to play, and that is to devote some of the straw taken in the cart primarily for the bullock's consumption to the making of a fire, and to make and light that fire to the windward of that bullock's flank as he lies on the road; to light the fire as near under his flank as possible; and it will not be till the fire is well alight and his flank well singed that the bullock will forget his other troubles and resume the march.

By dint of these and other methods, and by the expenditure of much sternness, vigilance, energy and wrath, 150 rickety, creaking carts, and 150 dirty sullen drivers and 300 passive bullocks did at length, at the rate of a mile and a half an hour, reach the commissariat lines of Gargapur. Therefore the march of the remaining four companies under Parry and Beans was fixed for the afternoon of the following day, while the morning would be occupied in loading the carts.

At daybreak the dismal procession of carts trooped onto the parade ground, and here were met by a number of fatigue parties, who, falling upon the carts allotted to them, took them off hither and thither, wheresoever piles of luggage lay ready to be loaded—so many carts to the magazine, so many to the quarter guard, so many to the barrack rooms of each company, so many to the various officers' bunga-

lows, so many to the quartermaster's stores, so many to the mess, all according to previous calculation.

From 5.30 A.M. to noon is a good spell of time, and in it much can be done. By noon every article of value, from Mrs. Montague's pier-glass to Jones's monkey, from the mess billiard table to the mess Khansoman's baby, from the regimental tug-of-war rope to the regimental range-finder, had been placed on the carts, and the carts brought back with their loads to the parade ground and disposed so as to be ready for the march; while the bullocks unyoked lay munching straw under what scant shadow the carts afforded.

It was twelve o'clock. The entire regiment since daybreak had groaned and strained under grievous loads on empty stomachs. Every man was hungry, every man dirty; some were faint. Parry gave the order that, except for a few reliefs of sentries over the carts, all should go and feed, and that the march should begin at 4 P.M. The men dispersed to indulge first in the ablutions so dear to their hearts, and then to cook and eat their equally beloved "chapatis," while Parry and Beans walked off to the dismantled mess-house to eat the scratch lunch and drink the half dozen bottles of soda water that the mess-servants had left ready for them in the bare dining-room.

It was a terribly hot day; about the fifth day of a break in the rains, when the skin tingles with prickly heat, and all the effect of the last spell of rain seems to consist in a certain clearness of the air and a corresponding fierceness of the sun's rays. The sky was clear save for a few thunder-clouds on the horizon. Scorching sun, threatening thunder, moist atmosphere, are as bad a trio as can be met with together. It would have been a tolerably pleasant day had they spent the hotter part

of it in pyjamas in a cool bungalow and reserved their energies for the morning and evening. But the clock stood at 12.15, and they had been tearing about or standing about since 5.30, and had had no food since their "chota hazri" before that.

Beans was as strong as a horse, but Parry was less robust, and as they neared the mess-compound, to Bean's dismay, Parry reeled twice or thrice and then fell on the ground in a dead faint.

Beans brought all the whiskey he could find in the mess and poured it down Parry's throat; then, carrying him with the aid of the mess-servants into the ante-room, threw cold water over his head, and leaving him to the tender mercies of the servants, rushed off on foot to fetch the doctor from half a mile away.

The doctor pronounced Parry to be suffering from a severe touch of the sun and forbade his attempting to march. He must be sent forthwith in a doolie to the station hospital.

Beans, leaving his lunch untouched, and ordering his pony, rode alongside the sick man's doolie to hospital, and saw him comfortably settled in bed, with a white-robed, red-ribboned nursing sister ministering to his wants. His kit had been rescued from the sea of bullock carts and all that Parry required was soon brought along to hospital by his servants. Beans could do nothing more for him, so with a genuine feeling of concern for his brother-officer, and as affectionate a farewell as Parry was capable of participating in, he retraced his solitary way to the mess.

Hungry as a horse, thirsty as a fish, strong as a young lion, he made an excellent lunch off the sandwiches he had meant to share with Parry.

He had not used quite all the whiskey in restoring Parry from his fainting fit. What was left gave him sub-

stantial help in washing down three large bottles of soda water.

He felt infinitely better. His concern for Parry was reduced to a minimum, and there came over him a feeling of joy and exultation such as he had never before experienced.

For Beans was young, keen, conceited and ambitious, and now for the first time in his life he saw himself without a tiresome senior officer immediately over his head to check him at every turn. Now, for the first time Beans, aged twenty-two, was a commanding officer, with a glorious command of four whole companies. It depended solely on him to conduct this great force some twenty miles by road and some thousand miles by train.

A sneaking qualm of fear came over him, that should the officer then commanding the station learn that this great duty had devolved on Beans, and Beans alone, he might on the spur of the moment make other arrangements, delay the march, or send an officer from another regiment with him, over his head.

He determined to avoid this risk by waiting till as late as possible before sending in a "casualty report" to the Station Staff Office concerning Parry's sickness. The march was fixed for 4 P.M., so that if he waited till close on that time there was little chance of any disaster befalling him.

Still he would be glad to have started, and know that there was no chance of his being interfered with, and it was particularly exasperating that Subadar Mangal Singh, when he informed him of Parry's mishap, should have at once replied, "Then I suppose the march will be put off."

Sharply and sternly Beans hastened to assure him that the march would take place under him, Beans, at 4 P.M. precisely. "It was now half-past three. It was time the baggage should start with the baggage guard. Were the

bullocks all yoked to the carts and the baggage guard fallen in? Then let the guard be told off to its several duties with the baggage, and the whole file out upon the road."

At 3.45 P.M. the baggage was well started. It would travel at barely two miles an hour, so it was well that it should have a start. The quarter guard clock and gong was packed in a bullock-cart, so four o'clock would not strike. Beans counted the minutes with his own watch, and never had the hands moved so slowly.

At one minute to four a mounted orderly trotted up to him. Beans's heart sank within him. Was he come from the Station Staff Office to tell him that he was not to have his little picnic? He took a long envelope from the orderly, and two native officers standing near noticed that his hand shook.

"What a relief! It was only a document returned for signature which Parry had omitted to sign. What a fool Parry was to forget a thing like that!" Beans, whipping out a stylographic pen, signed with a flourish "F. O. Beans, 2d lieutenant, commanding 10th Rajputs," and thought the general effect looked rather nice.

He had, up to this moment, forgotten about the report on Parry's sickness, so now utilized the mounted orderly, and made him take it. Then, mounting his pony, he glanced once more at his watch, saw the time was past four, and with a tremor of exultation that he did his honest best to subdue, he addressed his four companies as they stood drawn up before him in quarter-column.

"10th, 'shon; slo-o-o-o-pe hup. Tell off the battalion."

And in answer, four worthy, middle-aged Subadars answered, one after each other, numbering their companies:—

"No. I."

"No. II."

"No. III."

"No. IV."

Then the officer commanding proceeded:—

"No. I to the front; remainder in succession. No. I fo-o-o-r-m fours, left! Right wheel by the right, qui-i-i-ck march!" And at that the band struck up a good lively march, and the four companies defiled, four abreast, onto the road, Beans at their head on his pony with his head in the air and a grin of satisfaction on his face.

When they had gone half a mile, the native officer in command of No. I Company, coming up to Beans, suggested respectfully that the bugler was ready to hand, and would blow the "March at ease" call at the merest suggestion.

Beans, inwardly grateful for being reminded of so important a detail, yet kept his dignity, and let another minute elapse before he gave the bugler this order, which some four hundred soldiers had been anxiously awaiting for some time past.

After the first half an hour or so of marching, as is customary, he halted.

The tension of the pride in his bosom was now a little less severe. Getting off his pony, he discussed blandly, in crude Hindustani, the interests of the moment with the native officers nearest him. Among them was Mangal Singh.

It was Mangal Singh who had wondered whether they would start with only Beans to command them. It was Mangal Singh who had jogged his memory gently over letting the men march at ease. And now, in the same spirit of interference, he remarked that it was doubtless the sahib's pleasure, and an excellent arrangement, but that there was neither advanced nor rear-guard to the column, and that this was not customary.

Instead of saying, "How could I be such a fool as to forget," or words to that effect, Beans retired into his au-

gust self, ignored Mangal Singh's remark, and ordered the "Fall in" to be sounded.

The march proceeded for an hour, followed by another short halt, and then by more marching. During all this time Beans sat brooding on his pony, thinking of the advanced and rear-guard that he ought to have detailed. Of course it was of no practical moment in a peaceful country like this, but more than desirable as a matter of form; and the omission haunted him.

Then, in the course of random thinking, he wondered what the date was. He recollected: it was the 4th of August. "4th of August, 4th of August—that's the day that Hopkinson of the 15th Native Cavalry is due back from his garrison class. He'll be coming by the afternoon train, and be driving along in a tonga presently. We shall meet him. Oh! hang it all! Hopkinson must not see me with half the regiment marching without advanced and rear-guards; that settles it. I'll take that old beast's tip after the next halt, after all."

So for fear that that tonga should come rattling by, and its occupant surprise him in full disregard of the orders respecting route-marching, he ordered the next halt ten minutes early, and anon started them with half a company as advanced guard, and half as rear-guard, all neatly arranged according to the drill-book.

And as he gave the orders respecting them, he felt what a fool he had been not to climb down at once, and perhaps what a still greater fool to be climbing down now at the eleventh hour for a consideration of pure conceit.

And he felt as he gave the words "Quick march," and rode along at the head of "No. I," that a few feet behind him there were two rows of white teeth grinning diabolically underneath Mangal Singh's black beard.

It was not all roses being a commanding officer. Men tired with hard fatigues, and lame with sore feet that had been softened by a lazy hot weather, began to fall out, and it was important that no one should be left behind; however, a couple of bullock-carts would accommodate all that could not walk. But soon the bullock-carts were full, and it was evident, judging by the men's faces, that some of them had been humbugging him because he was a young sahib, and so would not know whether they were shamming or not.

At the next halt he showed real administrative acumen.

First of all he made it long enough to allow these two bullock-carts to come up, and ordered their loads to be deposited before him. He then ordered up the hospital assistant, and made him examine the men's feet, with the injunction that seventy-five per cent. should resume the march. He left it to the hospital assistant to make the selection.

The hospital assistant was all for painting their ailments very black and said at first that none could walk. But Beans stuck to his point, and the former at length grudgingly admitted that the required number might with care walk a little way.

This was one to Beans. It produced its effect with electrical rapidity. The men marched willingly, and no more malingerers fell out. Even Mangal Singh silently approved, and forgot, for the time being, that little matter of the advanced guard.

It was now eight o'clock, and had been dark some time. It was of no use to reach Bananaband, the railway station, nearer dawn than could be helped, or till the baggage was well on its way thither; and all this, except the two more ably drawn carts that carried the lame men, was now well behind them. So they waited an hour, and the men refilled their water-bottles from a well,

and Beans drank whiskey and soda and ate sandwiches, then lay by the roadside against a pile of stones and enjoyed forty winks.

At nine they marched again, and at eleven halted another two hours; at one they crawled the three remaining miles into Bananaband, and lying exhausted in and around the station, loosened their waistbelts and wished for day, or regardless of hard stones and heavy malarious dew, slept the sleep of weary men.

At half-past five it grew light, and about the same time "creak, creak," on their tired ears came the sound of the long, unwilling line of bullock-carts, at length nearing their journey's end.

By six o'clock it was daylight, and the bullock-carts were all arranged neatly on the platform. The men had rubbed their eyes and were awake, their rifles and belts were all piled under sentries in a corner of the station, and every one was ready for the great work of unloading the carts and loading the luggage trucks.

Beans had awakened the Khansaman of the refreshment room of the station, and the latter had provided him with tea and poached eggs, so that he emerged from the refreshment room little the worse for wear to superintend the work.

It was a local line; one train passed it in each direction every evening, and for the rest of the twenty-four hours the station-master, the telegraph operator and the refreshment room Khansaman had the place to themselves.

A special troop train had been run up the night before from Jhansi, and this now lay on a siding.

It was difficult to say how many luggage trucks would be required, for weight is only an approximate guide to cubic content when the nature of the articles is various in the extreme. And the Sepoy is not a trained packer,

or good at filling up corners with suitable odds and ends.

The total weight of what baggage they had should have been contained in three large luggage-trucks—according to the inscriptions on the latter, which stated the weight they were intended for. To be on the safe side the company had sent down to Bananaband a total of five trucks. Of these five, three were brought alongside the platform at daybreak, when the work of unloading and loading began.

The sun got up. Roused from the lethargy of their much curtailed sleep, forgetting their aching and sore feet, and with the desire common to all men to be off and away and to put an end to tedious delays, the men worked with a will. Beans was with them, urging, cheering, exhorting, arranging. The men worked willingly; there was no grumbling; everything was going swimmingly, and Beans was assured that he was an excellent commanding officer. By ten o'clock the men had been at work four hours; the three wagons were to all appearance crammed full, but a huge *débris* of luggage still remained upon the platform. Beans asked the station-master to bring another wagon along. Half an hour elapsed before this was completed. Meanwhile the men lay about, baked by the sun and perspiring. The sun was very hot, and the air very sultry; on the horizon the same thunder-clouds were gathering as yesterday, only more of them, and something in the atmosphere lay upon them all like lumps of lead. The fourth carriage arrived and was hooked on to the others. For the first time Beans realized that in his inexperience he had arranged no "reliefs" for this heavy work of loading, that the men had all been hard at work since dawn, that there had been much wasted labor, that they had been so crowded together that they had often got in each other's way, and that

now the only result was that the task was not finished, and that there were no fresh men to fall back upon for the work.

Mangal Singh had had it on the tip of his tongue at daybreak to suggest the keeping of half the men in reserve, but recollecting the incident of the advanced guard, he spat on the ground and said nothing.

The fourth wagon had to be filled, and they filled it, but so tired were they all, and so badly did they economize space, that, even after it was apparently full, still another half wagon-load or so of luggage remained upon the platform. It would take time to bring up the fifth wagon, but it would eventually have to be brought up. Therefore Beans, seeing the men all dropping with fatigue and heat, ordered them off to cook and eat their food, for each man had the necessary ingredients in his haversack. It was now 11.30; he ordered them to re-assemble at two o'clock. The fifth wagon by that time could be brought alongside and fifty men refreshed with food would soon make short work of what now baffled the entire energies of some three hundred and fifty. It did not matter when they started; he had merely to telegraph the hour of his departure to the various stations up the line, and arrangements would be made accordingly.

So giving his order to Mangal Singh that the men should knock off work and have their dinners, he walked off to look up his friend the Khansaman, and was soon deep in the bones of an emaciated chicken, served up with much rice and pungent curry, and washed down with the inevitable whiskey peg.

In a short time the door of the refreshment room was darkened. Looking round, he saw Mangal Singh saluting; with his mouth full of curry, he motioned to him to come into his pres-

ence. Mangal Singh came and explained his errand.

"The men indeed had their rations with them, and truly were hungry and exhausted and wanted refreshment. But Bananaband was a bad place for the cooking of food, and for the eating of it. The people of that place were low bred, and knew not the necessities of high caste existence. There was no place near at hand where the Sepoy folk could wash themselves; and without washing themselves first of all, their lord and master knew that the Rajput could not eat his food. Therefore it would be better and suit the wishes of the Sepoys better, if they now postponed the cooking and eating of their food until the first place where they might have a halt from the railway journey, where perhaps a well for washing and other appliances might not be wanting. Meanwhile, by the eating of sweetmeats, they would remain strong and well."

Beans, as has been hinted, had views and ambitions, and little experience. He longed to set the Thames on fire, and to wield a little finger thicker than his Colonel's loins. He was twenty-two, and had frequently stigmatized the caste principles of untold ages as "unmitigated bunkum." Now was his chance of proving this to be the case. He said to himself, "The men are hungry and exhausted. They need food badly, and they must eat it soon or die, and they are not such fools as to die. All they want is a strong fellow to give them an order. I am that strong fellow. They shall obey my order, eat their dinners like sensible men, and not be such idiots in the future."

So, swallowing his mouthful of curry, and fortifying himself with whiskey and soda, he addressed the Subadar strongly:

"No, Subadar sahib; this cannot be. The men have come far through the night with little sleep; have done much

work throughout the morning, and it is necessary that they should eat. We shall not reach Jhansi for many hours; it will be too late then for them to cook and eat their food. What is necessary is that they should obey the order of the Sirkar. The Sirkar's order is my order, and that is that they should now cook their food and eat it; and if the Brahmin people hereafter blame them for eating their food unwashed, they can tell the Brahmin people to mind their own affairs, and not to meddle with the orders of the Sirkar. Enough! you may depart."

Beans reverted to the curried chicken; Mangal Singh bit his lip, and stood irresolute.

Beans, lifting his eyes, repeated, "You may depart."

The Subadar, with a tremor in his voice, began—

"But, sahib, forgive me, it is a matter of great difficulty."

"Enough! the matter is at an end. Tell the Sepoy folk to do as they are bid."

"But," quavered the old native officer, playing his last card, "the Colonel sahib would be very—"

"Who speaks to me of the Colonel sahib?" thundered Beans, interrupting him and rising from his chair. "At this time I am, as it were, the Colonel sahib, and it is my order that is to be obeyed."

Mangal Singh, biting his lips till the blood ran, saluted and retired.

Beans haughtily resumed his lunch. It had been a bit of a tussle, but there would be no more trouble now, he assured himself. After exhausting all the Khansaman's efforts and drinking him out of soda water, he composed himself in a long chair, until he went to sleep over an ancient postal guide, which was all the literature the wayside station of Bananaband afforded.

Like another great leader of men he had the knack of waking from sleep

at the required moment, and at a quarter to two punctually he looked at his watch, and patted himself mentally on the back for awaking exactly at the time he had intended.

Everything would now be plain sailing. The fifth truck and the troop carriages would have been joined on to the train. The men would have come back refreshed by their dinners. A party of them would soon put the remaining baggage into the last truck; a couple of telegrams would have to be despatched, and away would he and his command go steaming northwards.

Head in air he strolled out to the platform. The extra wagon and the carriages were ready. Some of the men were already at work on the remaining luggage, and it would soon be all in.

But at one point alongside the train a knot of Sepoys was gathered together, looking down under one of the carriages, chatting excitedly and arguing with one another. Some with black, stern looks on their faces, some scared and a few weeping. He barely noticed them, but strutting up to Mangal Singh with all the swagger he could command, asked him jocosely how the men had enjoyed their dinners.

Mangal Singh replied very gravely and with great dignity: "The Sahib is our father and our mother, our lord and our master; but, oh great one, the Sepoy folk have not eaten their dinners. The Ganges cannot turn from its course at will, nor the tigress become a sow. Nor yet, O mighty one, can the Rajput eat his food unwashed. Listen, I pray you, O great master; faithfully and truly did this humble one obey your order; I told the Sepoy folk that this was what your honor ordered, and bade them obey you; then did I go and hide myself for shame. But of all the Sepoy folk, two only obeyed you, and look, I pray you, Sahib, and see how the gods have dealt with them. They

indeed, unwashed and begrimed with dust and sweat, did cook their food and eat; and for fear of their comrades' wrath, hither they came. And being overcome with sleep after their food they lay down on the rails under the shelter of this wagon and slept. And afterwards the other wagon and the Sepoys' carriages were brought hither by your honor's order, and the driver of the engine, not knowing that two men slept on the rails, drove the carriages over their necks, so that their heads fell from their bodies. But this, O lord and master, is the will of God and a right punishment for their wickedness."

Beans turned sick and reeled. At that moment he could not bear to look Mangal Singh or any of his men in the face. He felt ashamed before them. Turning from them he staggered away from the platform.

As he looked outside the station up the road, he saw a tonga drive up. Out of it emerged Bailey of the 15th Native Cavalry. The sight of another Euro-

Temple Bar.

pean was what he most wanted at that moment.

Bailey was a good-natured fellow and was come on what he was afraid would be an unpleasant errand.

Touching Beans in a fatherly fashion on the shoulder, he stammered:—

"I say, old fellow, I'm beastly sorry; I wish I had not been in time to catch you. But you know what an old grandmother my colonel is. He's commanding the station now, and only heard this morning of Parry's going sick; but when he learnt that you had gone off alone, he said he would never hear the end of it for letting a whole wing of a regiment go off under a youngster like you all alone, so he has attached me to your party and told me to come and take command. I'm beastly sorry, for, of course, you could have run the show all right yourself."

But the great Napoleon, humbly and with boyish tears in his eyes, answered:—

"I'm jolly glad you've come."

Powell Millington.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

There is a noble river making glad
The City of our God. Its waves find rest
Within that harbor where we fain would be;
Its springs lie deep within each human breast.
Cast thou thy treasures on these watery ways,
And thou shalt find them—after many days.

The vivid gladness of thy dewy morns,
The fresh expansion of thy lifetime's spring,
Thy slain ideals and thy buried hopes:
All these, and more, the forceful tides shall bring.
Cast thou thy treasures on these watery ways,
And thou shalt find them—after many days.

Chambers's Journal.

Antonia Kennedy-Laurie Dickson.

THE BAD NOVEL.

A novel is bad not so much because the novelist cannot say what he has to say as because he has nothing to say; but both disabilities contribute to the badness, for, by a wise ordinance of nature, he who bears a message can always, somehow, deliver it. Most often the bad novel arises from an accident. A fleeting impulse, a chance remark, even an idle hour, and lo! the bad novel is born. The prospective bad novelist thinks or hears either "How nice it would be to write a story!" or "What a splendid idea for a story!" and he answers, "Why shouldn't I try? I will." Usually, we fancy, it is the curiosity to experience what writing is like, and not the desire to embody a given idea in literary form, that makes the silly scribe, whose feeling is that it would be rather "fun" to do as Thackeray did. The splendid idea follows, forced unnaturally into existence by the piquancy of the desire. So the paper is bought, the pen dipped and the novel begun. Now the bad novelist is commonly a somewhat clever and versatile person, with a certain facility, and his first, if not his last sensation is one of surprise at the ease of writing narrative. And merely to write narrative is easy; we all do it in our letters—we write narrative "without knowing it." Indeed, any one—a tea-merchant or an engrossing clerk—could produce a novel—that is, a connected and coherent invented narrative—if he doggedly persevered; it might be inconceivably fatuous, but it would be a novel; printed, it would deceive the eye of a Ste.-Beuve at a distance of three feet. And the bad novel deceives the eye of its author, as he writes it, at a distance of a foot. It looks like a novel; it has all the customary apparatus of chapter-divisions, short lines,

indented lines, inverted commas; it is a novel. The author is encouraged to continue; he continues and he finishes; and, once in a hundred times, by some error of destiny, the novel is published. We calculate that the bad novelists of the United Kingdom, driven by curiosity or the force of an idea, or, perhaps, by poverty, produce several hundreds of irredeemably bad novels each week; so that, though only one per cent. of them gets as far as the laughter of compositors (if compositors ever laugh) the number reaching this office in a year is quite considerable. We will briefly examine one or two of the finest specimens, dealing first with the matter and then with the manner.

The bad novelist, instead of finding a central idea for an environment, invariably finds an environment for a central idea. With him the Idea is uppermost. His pseudo-creative impulse is not the vague resultant of long observation and an inclusive sympathy, but a precise and defined inclination to relate something unusual, bizarre or astonishing. The bad novelist has the same false notion as the crowd of amiable friends who persist in annoying the good novelist with the remark: "I have met *such* a queer man, or heard *such* a queer incident—I am sure you would be interested—it certainly ought to go into a book." He has not guessed that the aim of the novelist is to discover beauty in the normal, not to provide a literary freak-show; that, in fact, the novelist is attracted by the abnormal about as much as a painter would be attracted by a woman with twelve fingers or a beard. And so the bad novelist goes in search of, or is seized by, the startling Idea; and the more startling it is, the more pleased he is with it. In one novel now before

us, the Idea to be envired is as follows: a rich and worldly widowed lord, who is also a painter, finds a female infant of surpassing loveliness. He causes her to be brought up on a remote estate in Norway, where her life is so arranged that she shall never see a man. The lord's son, so adroit is his father's scheming, falls in love with a marvellous portrait of a woman from the lord's masterly brush, and on attaining his majority is sent to the estate in Norway under sealed orders. The orders being unsealed, the son reads thus: "Ivor, my son, by the grace of Providence, you will now look upon the original of my famous picture, chaste, pure and undefiled, and she will see in you the first man she has ever beheld! And, best of all, I know that you already love her!" The pair marry. There is the Idea, hypnotizing the bad novelist, who very probably thought that in it he had happened on an entirely original method of contrasting the "belles of society" with the perfect woman. And now the author sits down to accomplish the embodiment, and one can almost hear him enquiring, "How ought I to begin?" The obvious course is to ask, "How do other authors begin?" And this is just what he does ask, and, having ascertained the answer, begins accordingly. Observe, it never occurs to him to begin by examining life and nature anew for himself. The mere Idea has already carried him far away from all considerations of truth and probability. In the present instance he begins with the reception held to celebrate the son's majority. There is no general description of it, but a few disconnected "bits," which he has evidently remembered, or excogitated one by one, and strung together. The attitude towards "society belles" is sarcastic. "The two girls squeezed our hands with the formula smile, lifted their precious silks about their legs, and squeezed into the car-

riage in front of their mother, whose enamelled shoulders shuddered a moment in the night air." And later on are such phrases as "veiled vulgarity," "*sous-entendu* doubly clear and disgusting to a refined creature." Such observations, as they presented themselves to him, he would certainly deem both original and effective. We next come to the father's portrait of the mysterious damsel. The author's purpose is to make this picture impressive, and the means which he adopts are exactly those which would be used by a man ignorant both of life and art. "Unanimously pronounced by the Press as the accomplishment of the year. Such was the witchery of this famous work that little knots of fascinated picture-lovers would linger at the canvas during its tenure at [*sic*] the Academy and gaze upon it long and with swimming eyes, unconscious of the fleeting time, and marvel at the wonderful beauty of the dreams which it inspired rather than at the radiating loveliness of the picture itself." Now, if the bad novelist could have walked out of his study, had a cold plunge, gazed inimically into the mirror and said to his face: "Do people stand long rapt and with swimming eyes before pictures in the Academy?" there might have been hope for him. But of such a feat of detachment he is constitutionally incapable, and so gaining momentum page by page, he wanders further and further away from reality. He is lost. Often you can see him puzzling where to go, what to say next, and saying the most ludicrous things in his bewilderment. As thus: "It being bad form to notice any peculiar habits or fads of one's guests, I have no very clear impression of the Lord Archibald's conduct as he left the house." Or again: "That, said as it was with a dreamy, far-away look, would have flattered some men and made them sensible of an unconquerable desire to

throw their arms round her neck and embrace her or raise her hand gently to the lips and imprint upon it a kiss full of the profoundest meaning. Such, however, was my father's training that my mind was entirely innocent of any leaning in that direction." And so the bad novel continues, at haphazard, an inconsequent farrago of conscious and unconscious imitations interspersed with original fatuities, until the last ecstasy—"Ivor, my own, my dearest love, now we shall be together always, on earth and in heaven, always, always together." The *Idea* is clothed.

In regard to the manner of the bad novel—by which we, of course, mean the literary manner—the commonest and most pervading characteristic of it is the tendency to write, not in words, but in phrases. As Schopenhauer said of unintelligent authors: "They combine whole phrases more than words—*phrases banales*." There is no clearly defined thought. "It is only intelligent writers who *place individual words together with a full consciousness of their use*, and select them with a deliberation." The subject of *phrases banales* is much too large to be entered upon here. The habit of thinking in phrases leads, by a curious attraction, to the habit of imagining in episodes or lumps of event, instead of detail by detail. Thus, when a hero is suddenly called away on a journey, all the rigmarole of acts previously performed by other heroes so placed is set out in full. "I scribbled a few brief notes cancelling the engagements I had contracted;" or, at the end of the journey: "I at once dismissed the driver with a fee that made his old eyes sparkle." It is the same with descriptions; they are conceived in a chunk; there is none of the *minutiae* of invention, but a vague reminiscence of some remembered whole. Thus, the account of a young lady's boudoir (in a novel which opens: "Everybody knows Champington, the

little town nestling in the Surrey hills") begins: "The room was tastefully and elegantly furnished in a style that signified a woman's inspiration;" then follows a page and a half of descriptive *clichés*; and the last phrase is: "Odor of roses and mignonette." Even there the bad novelist cannot drop his chunk of remembered episode, for on the next few pages we meet with these locutions:—

Sol shot his beams of light athwart the window.

So, at least, Sol seemed to say to Alice Lawson, a winsome. . .

"How delicious!" she cried, taking a deep inspiration of the flower-scented air.

"Helgho!"

Now, why do young girls say "Helgho!" often when they have not a trouble in the world?

Nine pages elapse before the bad novelist is able to free himself from the spell cast by the incantatory phrase, "The room was tastefully and elegantly," etc.

The bad novelist betrays himself by his nomenclature and his headings. The aristocratic lover of our Norwegian paragon is styled "The Hon. Ivor Treherne;" when the bad novelist wants to create a person of true distinction, he always, as a first step, calls him Treherne, or Dalrymple, or Anstruther. Here are some of the chapter-headings from the Champington novel—"A Baffling Quest," "Toilers in Babylon," "Link by Link," "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," "Alas!" "A desperate dilemma."

To conclude, the most pathetic literary shortcoming of the bad novelist is his entire inability to say what he wants to say—a shortcoming not often noticeable because he so seldom wants to say anything in particular. There are rare moments, however, when one can perceive that he really has some-

thing on his mind. To witness his struggles then is painful. The expert penman is frequently conscious of having, despite himself, written differently from his intention, of having compassed a passage, but not at all the passage. The bad nov-

The Academy.

elist, by simple amateurishness, "never gets anywhere near" his real thoughts. He is continually stultifying and falsifying himself, posing as a bigger fool than actually he is. That is his tragedy which he does not suspect.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Birrell is writing a monograph on Hazlitt; and there seems some chance of a revival of interest in this essayist, who is not so much read nowadays as his delightful qualities deserve.

It is announced that the representatives of the late Charlotte M. Yonge have entrusted Miss Christabel Coleridge with the task of preparing a biography. Miss Coleridge was the writer of the brief appreciation of Miss Yonge, which was printed in *The Living Age* of May 4.

There seems a certain incongruity between waiting upon a table in a restaurant and writing lyric verse; but the German poetess, Greta Baldauf, whose two volumes of lyrics have won high praise, was a waitress in a restaurant, at Baden-Baden, no longer ago than last summer.

It is announced that Mr. Justin McCarthy intends soon to bring his "History of Our Own Times" down to the close of Queen Victoria's reign. At present, he is busy at the other end of his task, in telling the story of Queen Anne's reign, to precede the "History of the Four Georges and William the Fourth."

Apropos of the many accounts which

have been published of the manner in which Mr. Kipling's "Recessional" reached "The London Times," "Literature," which is published by "The Times," thinks it worth while to print the following letter in which the manuscript of the poem was enclosed:—

Dear—

Enclosed please find my sentiments on things—which I hope are yours. We've been blowing up the Trumpets of the New Moon a little too much for White Men, and it's about time we sobered down.

If you would like it, it's at your service—on the old conditions that I can use it if I want it later in book form. The sooner it's in print the better. I don't want any proof. Couldn't you run it to-night so as to end the week pliously?

If it's not your line, please drop me a wire.

Ever yours sincerely,

R. K.

The poem was published the next day; Mr. Kipling was asked to name his own price, but declined to accept payment.

A story whose wealth of stirring incident is massed within the space of four days—the days before Henri Quatre's entrance into Paris—must needs be one of rapid action. But Bertha Runkle's striking and much-praised novel, "The Helmet of Na-

varre," is written with the dramatist's sustained force, as well as with a pleasing perception of humor. The young henchman Felix Broux, coming up to Paris to take sides with the Duke of St. Quentin, finds himself in the very heart of a political and romantic coil. The young Count and the old Duke, the subtle and impressive figure of Mayenne the false, the irresistible Navarre, the very genuine villain, and the beautiful Lorange, Mayenne's ward—one of the few heroines of recent days whom one would care to know and love in real life—all these one sees through the ardent eyes of Felix Broux, as he tells his crisp, vivid, absolutely believable tale. It is a satisfaction to read so fresh, sanguine and wholesome a story. The Century Co.

"The Successors of Mary the First" under whose mild domestic reign her nominal master and mistress had flourished for thirteen years, proved to be thirteen in the first twelvemonth, and it is a most entertaining history of their various despotisms that Houghton, Mifflin & Co publish. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward would not be herself if she did not exaggerate, but she writes now with her lightest touch, as befits the subject, and readers who sometimes find her over intense will give themselves up to the realism of this clever satire with almost uninterrupted enjoyment. A brighter, fairer, more readable and more sensible discussion of the endless "servant problem" we are not likely soon to see, though not many housekeepers will consider Mrs. Ward's solution of it as satisfactory for real life as for fiction.

A story which stands out conspicuous among the crowd of romances of Colonial days is Maud Wilder Goodwin's "Sir Christopher," which Little, Brown & Co. have just published. Several of the characters in "The Head of

a Hundred" re-appear in this story of a Maryland manor in the middle of the seventeenth century, though the later book is not a mere sequel to the other. The rivalries between Maryland Catholics and Protestants, and the disputes between Maryland and its sister colony Virginia—all affected by the fluctuations of royal and parliamentary power in the mother country—furnish an outline which is filled in with an unusual variety of picturesque personal detail. Sir Christopher himself—a genuine hero—is admirably drawn, but it is on the naturalness and charm of the women of her story that Mrs. Goodwin is especially to be congratulated. Few writers of her school have succeeded so well in combining the careful delineation of character with the elaboration of an intricate plot.

A little volume sure to excite interest and comment quite out of proportion to its size is Ellis Meredith's "The Master-Knot of Human Fate." It imagines a general inundation of the earth's surface by such a cataclysmic upheaval as some geologists count possible, and the solitary survival, on one of the highest peaks of the Rocky Mountain range, of a man and woman—stray tourists who have outdistanced their companions in a day's climb. Their amazement, incredulity and horror, their gradual adaptation to their desolate state, and the growth of their comradeship into love, with the questioning whether the former race shall end or a new begin with them—these are not so much incidents of a plot as subjects for the author's descriptive and analytic skill, which is that of an ingenious and clever writer, though scarcely a powerful one. Hamlet's question remains unsolved to the last, but the uncertainty only piques the reader's interest in an uncommonly suggestive and stimulating book. Little, Brown & Co.